The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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RIDING OVER THE HEATHER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Bloom, bonny buds o' brightsome May;
  Ah bloom again as once of yore
When Hugh and I went riding down
  Through the broom-blossoms of the moor.
The heather shook its purple bells,
  Wake-robins quivered in the breeze,
And gentians, looking o'er the cliffs,
  Reflected azure of the seas;
When Hugh and I went gayly riding down
O'er miles of blooming moor-land to the town.

He loved me then. Ah, love untrue,
  That flowed and ebbed e'en as the tide,
When we rode on among the blooms
  In languid pleasure side by side.
Ah, love so true while all was May,
  Ah, love so false in bleaker weather,
When he went by and let me bear
  Woes that we should have borne together.
—Ah light, unfaithful love, go by, go by,
Hushed in your heart life's sweetest melody.

Bloom, bonny buds o' brightsome May,
  And sing, oh songster in the heather;
Let all be joyous, all be wild,
  As in the halcyon summer weather
When love was new and seemed a-true,
  E'er 't turned away and passed me by,
Leaving my warm heart sad and cold,
  And in its centre drearily,
One echoing melody to ebb and flow,
Full softly as the blue waves long ago.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

The condition of women in Japan is far less degraded than in most Asiatic countries. They are not subject to so much seclusion, but have almost as much liberty as American women. Girls are educated as well as boys; and foreigners in Japan are favorably impressed with the intelligence and graceful manners of the Japanese ladies. At home, the wife is mistress of the family. The first lady a Japanese marries is considered the principal wife, but he may have as many secondary wives as his means will allow him to support.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LAST PROPOSAL.

Affairs grew more unsatisfactory at Dallory as the weeks went on. The strike continued; the men utterly refusing to return to work except on their own terms; or, rather, the Trades Union refusing to allow them. Supplies to them grew more scanty. If not actual famine, something near akin to it began to reign. North Inlet, once so prosperous, looked like a half-starved place out at elbows—the same as its inhabitants. Oh, what senseless folly it was! What would it end in? Mrs. Gass had tired of going amid the men to tell them her mind and try to bring them to reason; but Miss Dallory went. Miss Dallory could make no impression whatever. The men were moody, miserable, three parts starved; they would have been glad to go back to work again almost on no pay at all, only as a relief to the present weary idleness; but they belonged to the famous Trades Union now, and must obey its dictates. Mary Dallory got in a passion sometimes; and asked whether they were men, or cravens, that they had no pity for their poor helpless children.

One day Mrs. Gass and Miss Dallory went forth together. Not of premeditation. One of Ketlar's children was ill and weakly; incipient consumption, Dr. Rane said; she was a sweet little child, mild and gentle; and Miss Dallory would sometimes carry her strengthening things. It was a frightful shame, she would tell Ketlar, that he should let even this poor sick little one starve: and Ketlar humbly acknowledged to his own heart that the child *was* starving; and felt it to his back-bone. The man was as well meaning a man as heaven ever sent into the world; anxious to do his duty: but he was in the hands of the Trades Union, and completely helpless.

Miss Dallory wore a print gown and was altogether a vast deal less fine than Jelly. She had a small basket in her hand, containing fresh eggs. As she passed Mrs. Gass's, that lady was standing at her open parlor window, in all the glory of a gorgeous green satin robe, and white bonnet with bird-of-paradise feather. She dearly loved rich clothes, and saw no reason why she should not wear them.

"Where be you bound to, my dear?" asked the grandly-dressed lady, as Mary stopped.

"I want to take these eggs to little Cissy Ketlar. Mrs. Gass, I cannot *think* what is to become of all the poor children if this state of things should last much longer."

"I'm sure I can't. It goes again the grain to see 'em want; but when we give 'em food or help, it's just so much premium offered to the fathers' incorrigible obstinacy and idleness, my dear."

"But the child is sick," said Mary Dallory. "And so are many other children."

"They'll be worse afore long. My dear, I was not a talking at you, in saying that. But I don't see where it's all to end. We can't set up hospitals for the children and women, even with the best will to do it. And the will I, for one, have not. Once get their wives and children took care of, and the men 'ud lead the lives of gentlemen to the close o' the chapter. Here; I'll walk with you, my dear; and we can talk going along."

She came forth, drawing on her lemon-colored gloves: and they went towards Ketlar's. North Inlet looked deserted to-day. Not a man was lounging in it. The few stragglers to be seen were walking along briskly in the direction of the works; as if they had business on hand, and without their pipes. Mrs. Gass arrested one who was passing her.

"What's up, Dawson?"

"We've been called together, ma'am, to meet Mr. Richard North. He have got somat to say to us. Happen, may be, he's a going to give in at last."

"Is he?" retorted Mrs. Gass. "I don't think you need worrit your inside with that idea, Dawson. It's a deal more likely that he's going to warn you he'll sell the works out and out—if he can get any fool to buy 'em."

The man passed on. Mrs. Gass, as she turned to speak to Miss Dallory, gave a flourish with her small white lace parasol and a toss to the bird-of-paradise.

"Had anybody told me men could be so obstinate, in regard to thinking themselves in the right, I'd not have believed it: but seeing's believing. My dear, suppose we just step on to the works, and learn what the matter is that Mr. Richard has in hand."

The men, going in at the iron gates, branched round to their own entrance. Mrs. Gass took Miss Dallory to a private one. It led at once into what might now be called the audience chamber, for Richard North was already haranguing the men in it: a long and rather narrow room, with a counter running across it. It used to be the pay-room of the men: perhaps some of them, entering it now, recalled those prosperous days with a sigh. Richard North did not see the ladies come in. He stood with his back to them, in his usual every-day attire, a plain black frock coat and gray trowsers, with fine white linen. His hands rested on the counter as he talked to the men, who faced him on the other side of it; a crowd of them, all with attentive countenances. Mrs. Gass signed to Miss Dallory to halt: not to conceal themselves from Richard, but simply lest their advance should interrupt what he was saying. And so they remained listening, Richard unconscious that he had any other audience than his work-people.

The matter was this. A contract had just been offered to North and Gass. It was one of value, and would certainly, if accepted, keep the men employed for some time. It was offered at a certain price. Richard North made his calculations and found that he could accept it provided the men would work on the former terms: but he could not if the rate of wages had to be raised. Considering the present hopeless condition of the men, imagining that they must have had pretty nearly sufficient experience of idleness and empty cupboards to bring them to, at least, exercise reason, he determined to lay the proposal before them—that they might accept or reject it. In a clear and concise manner he stated this, and the men heard him respectfully to the end. One of them then advanced a few steps before the rest, and answered—answered without the smallest deliberation; without so much as a pretence of inquiring what the feelings of his fellows might be.

"We can't do it, sir."

Richard North raised his hand for silence, as if the man had spoken before his time.

"Do you fully understand the case in all its bearing?" resumed Richard; "if not, take time to reflect until you do understand it. Look at it comprehensively; take into consideration the future as well as the present. Listen again. This contract has been offered me: it is a good one, as you must know. It will set our works going again, be the means of bringing back the business that seems to be drifting more hopelessly away from us day by day. It will provide you with employment, with wages that you not so long ago thought liberal; and will place you again in what may be called prosperity—great prosperity as compared with what exists at present. Your homes may be homes of plenty again, your children can eat and drink. In short, both to you and to me, this contract offers just the turn of the tide. I wish to accept it; I see nothing but ruin before myself if I cannot: what I see before you I do not care to speak of, if you are not wise enough to see it for yourselves. The decision lies with you, unfortunately; I wish it lay with myself. Shall I take it, or shall I not?"

"We couldn't return at them rate of wages nohow," spoke up a voice from the thick of the throng.

"It is the last chance that I shall offer you," proceeded Richard. "For your sakes I would strongly advise you to take it. Heaven is my witness that I am honest in saying 'for your sakes.' We have been associated together for many years, and I cannot see the breaking up of old ties without first using every effort to re-unite them. I must give my answer to-morrow; accept this work or reject it. Little time is allowed me for decision, therefore I am unable to give much to you. Virtually the acceptation or rejection lies with you; for, without you, I could not fulfill it: but I cannot help a remark in passing, that for such a state of things to exist argues something rotten at the core in the relations between master and men. At six o'clock to-morrow morning the great bell shall be rung, calling you to work as formerly. My men, I hope you will all respond to it."

No, not at the terms offered, was the answer gathered by Richard North from the buzz that rose around.

"I cannot offer you better."

"No—and no. Not at them."

"I have said that this is the last chance," repeated Richard. "I shall never give you the option of working for me again."

The men couldn't help that. (The fact was, they only three parts believed it.) One ventured a supposition that if the works were sold, the new firm that bought might give them work on new terms.

"No," said Richard North. "I am very different from you, my men. You see work at your hand, and will not do it. You look forward to the future with (as I must suppose) easy apathy, giving neither care nor anxiety how you and your families are to live. I, on the contrary, am only anxious to work; at a reduced rate of profit, on a smaller scale if it must be; but, any way, to work. Night after night I lie awake, tormented with lively apprehensions for the future. What seemed, when your first turned out, to be a mere temporary stoppage, that reason and good sense on both our sides could not fail to rectify, has assumed gigantic proportions and a permanent aspect. After some time I gave way; offering to split the difference, as to wages, if you would return—"

"But we wanted the whole," came an interruption. "And you didn't give way as to time."

"I could not do either," said Richard North, firmly. "I offered all I was able. That is a thing of the past: let it go. I now make you this last and final offer; and I think it only fair to tell you what my course will be if you reject it. I shall go over to Belgium and see if I cannot engage Belgian workmen to come here and take your places."

A dead silence fell on the room. Ketlar broke it.

"You'd surely not do that, sir!"

"Not do it! Why you will force it on me. I must either get a new set of men, or else give up the works entirely. As I do not feel inclined to the latter course, the former alone is open to me."

"We'll have none o' them Belgiums here!" cried a threatening voice from the outskirts of the crowd.

"Allow me to tell you, Thome, to tell you all, that the Belgians will not ask your leave to come," spoke Richard, drawing his head to its full height. "Would you not the part of dogs-in-the-manger? I offer *you* the work; I offer it *now;* and I heartily wish you to accept it. But if you do not, I shall certainly endeavor to get others here who will."

"Drat them Belgicks! Who be *they* that they should snatch the bread out of honest Englishmen's mouths?"

"What are the honest Englishmen about, to let them?" retorted Richard. "Look here, my men, listen," he continued, as he leaned forward and raised his hands impressively. "If you (I speak of the country's hands collectively) refuse to work, it can signify very little to you practically whether the work goes to Belgium (or elsewhere) to be done, or whether strangers come and do it here. *It must end in one or the other.*"

"It shan't never end in them frogs o' foreigners coming here," spoke Thoms again, vexed that his voice should have been recognized by Richard North. And this second interruption was hissed down by his more sensible comrades; who sharply bade him hold his tongue, and hear the master. Richard put up his hand.

"We will take it, for the moment's argument, at what Thoms says—that strangers would not, or should not, come here. In that case the other result must supervene—that the work of the country would pass away from it. It has already begun; you know it, my men; and so do your rulers the Trades Unions. How it affects their nerves I don't pretend to say; but, when once this tide of desolation has set in fairly as a settled result, there won't be much need of their agitation. As truly as that I live, as that I now stand here and speak to you, I believe this will come. In different parts of the country whole places are being dismantled—the work has left it. Do you suppose North Inlet is the only spot where the provision shops may as well be closed because the men have no longer money to spend in them? Any newspaper you take up will show you to the contrary. Read about the ship-building in the East of London: how it has gone away, and whole colonies of men are left behind starving. Gone to Scotland; to the banks of the Tyne; gone anywhere that men can be found to work. It is the same with other trades. Whose fault is this?—Why the men's own."

Murmurs. "No. No."

"No! Why, here's a very present illustration of it. Whose fault is it that my works here are shut up, and you are living in idleness—or, we'll say, starving in idleness, if you like the word better. If I am unable to take this present contract now offered, and it goes elsewhere, whose doings will it be, but yours? Don't talk nonsense, my men. It is all very well to say that the Trades Union don't allow you to take the work. I have nothing to do with that: you and the Unions may divide the responsibility between you."

"The fact is, sir, that we are not our own masters," said Ketlar.

"Just so. And it seems that you cannot, or will not, emancipate yourselves from your new slavery and become again your own masters. However, I did not call you together to go over this old ground, but to lay before you the option of returning to work. You have the day to consider of it. At six o'clock to-morrow the call-bell will ring—"

"'Twon't be of no use ringing it, sir," interrupted Ketlar, some sadness in his tone.

"At six o'clock to-morrow morning the call-bell here will ring," authoritatively repeated Richard North. "You respond to it, and I shall heartily welcome you back. If you do not, my refusal must go in, and the job will lapse from me. If we part to-day, it is our final parting—for I shall at once take measures to secure a fresh set of work-people. Though I get but ten together at first, and the work I undertake be insignificant in proportion, *I'll get them.* It will be something like beginning life again: and you will have forced it on me."

"And of all pig-headed idiotics that mortal master ever had to deal with, sure you men be the worst!"

The undignified interruption emanated from Mrs Gass. Richard looked round, in great surprise; perhaps all the greater when he saw also Miss Dallory. Mrs. Gass came forward; talking here, talking there; her bird-of-paradise nodding time to her words. As usual she told the men some home-truths; sounding none the less forcibly because her language was as their own—homely.

"Is this true?" asked Miss Dallory, in a low tone, as Richard went back to shake hands with her. "Shall you really re-open the works again, with another set of men?"

"Yes—if these do not return. It will be better, however quietly I may have to begin, than going out to seek my fortune in the world. At least, I have lately been thinking so."

"*Will* the men return?"

"I am afraid to give you my true opinion. Lest it should seem like a bad omen."

"And now you have given it me. It is also mine. They are blind to infatuation."

"Not so much blind, I think, as that they are—I have just said so to them—in a state of slavery from which they dare not emancipate themselves."

"And who would?—under the specious promises of the Trades Unions? Don't blame them too much, Mr. Richard North. If some great strong body came down on you and me with all kinds of agitation and golden promises for the future, we might believe in them too."

Richard shook his head.

"Not if the great strong body lived by the agitation; and took our hard-earned money to keep themselves and the golden promises going."

Mary Dallory laughed a little.

"Shall you ring that great bell in the morning?"

"Yes. Certainly I shall."

"Ah, well—the men will only laugh at you from their beds. But I dare say you can stand that. Oh, dear me! What need the next world be like, when this is so foolish a one!"

The meeting had broken up. Richard North and some few of the more intelligent of the men—those who had filled the more important posts at the works—remained, talking yet together. Mrs. Gass, and Mary Dallory, with her basket of fresh eggs, went away together.

Women stood about with anxious faces, watching for the news. They were tired of the strike: heartsick, as some of them feelingly expressed it. Nothing teaches like experience: the women were as eager for the strike at one time as ever the men could be, believing it would bring a tide of prosperity in its wake. They had not bargained for what it had brought: misery, and dismantled homes, and semi-starvation. But for being obliged to keep up as others did—as we all have to do, whatever may be the life's struggles, the heart's bitter care—there were those amidst them who would have lain down to die in sheer hopelessness.

Mrs. Ketlar stood at her door in a tattered black net cap—the once tidy woman. She was shading the sun from her eyes as she looked out for her husband. It prevented her noticing the approach of the ladies; and when they accosted her she backed into her house in her timid fashion, rather startled, attempting some words as by way of apology. The little girl who was sick—a wan child of seven years old—was being nursed by one somewhat older. Miss Dallory looked to see that there was a chair left capable of being sat upon, and took the invalid on her own lap. Nearly all the available things the house once contained had been parted with; either pledged or sold. Miss Dallory gave the eggs to the mother, and a half-pint bottle of beef tea that lay at the bottom of the basket.

"How is Cissy, to-day?" she asked, tenderly of the child.

"Cissy tired," was the little one's answer.

"Has Cissy finished the strawberries?"

Cissy nodded.

"Then let your big boy come to Ham Court for some more," said Miss Dallory, turning to the mother.

The "big boy" was the eldest. He had been employed at the works, but was of course condemned to be idle, like the rest.

"Bain't you pretty nigh tired of this sort o' think," demanded Mrs. Gass, who had come to an anchor on a wooden bucket turned upside-down.

The woman knew what she meant by "this sort o' thing," and gave a groan. It was very expressive, showing *how* tired she was of it, and how hopeless were prospects of any change.

"I've heard about the master's offer, ma'am; but the men mean to reject it," she said. "Smith stopped to tell me as he went by. The Lord above knows what is to become of us!"

"If the men do reject it, they'll deserve to sit for the rest of their lives on a iron-ploughshare with all its spikes sticking into 'em," retorted Mrs. Gass—her own present uncomfortable seat probably suggesting the idea. "Any way, I hope they'll never get the pricks out o' their consciences."

"It's the Trades Union," said the woman in a low tone, giving a scared look around. "The men can't do as they would."

"Not do as they would!" echoed Mrs. Gass. "Don't *you* pick up their folly and retail it to me again, Susan Ketlar. If the men was fools enough to be drawed into joining the Union at first—and I'd not blame 'em too much for that, for the best of us gets led away at times by fair promises that turn out in the end to be smoke, or worse—they ought not to be so pig-headed as to keep there. Now that they've seen what good that precious Trades Union is doing for 'em, and what it's likely to do, they should buckle on the armor of their common sense and leave it. Mr. Richard North has this day gave them the opportunity of doing so. Every man Jack of 'em can go back to work to-morrow morning at the ringing of the bell; and take up again with good wages and comfort. If they refuse they'll be not so much fools at something worse, Susan Ketlar; they'll be desperately wicked."

"They are afraid," murmured the woman. "They have tied themselves by word and bond to the Union."

"Then let 'em *untie* themselves. Don't tell me, Susan Ketlar. Afraid? What of? Could the Union kill 'em for it? Could they be hung and drawn-and-quartered for leaving it? Who *is* the Union? Giants that were born with thunderbolts in their hands and power from the Creator to use 'em to control people's wills?—or just simple men like themselves: workmen too once, some of 'em, if reports are true. You'd better not try to come over me with your fallacies, Susan Ketlar. Facts is facts, and reason's reason. If these men *chose* to do it, they could send the Trades Union to the right about this day, and come back with one accord to work and their senses to-morrow. Who's to hinder it?"

Susan Ketlar ventured no more. She only wished she dared say as much to her husband and the men. But, what with common sense, as Mrs. Gass called it, on the one side, and the Trades Union sophistries pulling on the other, the steering along in North Inlet just now was perplexing in the extreme. Mrs. Gass rose from her uneasy seat, and departed with Mary Dallory.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT NIGHT: UNDER THE CEDAR-TREE.

There was commotion that day in Dallory. An offer like this of Richard North's, coming as it did in the very midst of distress and prolonged privation, could not be rejected off-hand without some dissenting voices. The few men who had not joined the Union, who only wished to get back to work, pleaded for its acceptance as if they were pleading for very life. Strangers also—that is, gentlemen who had no direct interest in the question—went about amid the men, striving to impress upon them where their obligations lay, and what their course ought to be. One of these was Dr. Rane. There had been a good deal of sickness lately—when is there not where privation reigns?—and the doctor's services were in much requisition. In every house he went that day, to every workman with whom he came in contact, he spoke forcibly and kindly: urging them most strongly not to reject this opportunity of putting themselves right with the world. It was one, he said, that might never occur again, if neglected now. Dr. Rane, while blaming the men, was sorry for them; pityingly sorry for their wives and children.

He had had a very fatiguing day. When the dusk of evening came on, he went and sat in the garden, tired and weary. Bessy was gone to spend the evening at Ham Court with Mary Dallory; and the doctor had promised to fetch her home. His ruminations still ran, as ever, on the getting away from Dallory; but at present there seemed to be little chance of his doing it: unless he could dispose of his practice here, he would not have the wherewithal to establish himself in another place. Had Oliver Rane been a less healthy man than he really was, he would long ago have thought himself into a nervous fever.

It grew darker. Dr. Rane struck his repeater—for it was too dark to see—wondering whether it was time to go for his wife. No, not quite, he found; he would delay another quarter of an hour yet. And he lapsed back into his musings.

The seat he had chosen was underneath the great cedar tree at the extreme corner of the garden, close to the wire fence that divided his ground from Mrs. Cumberland's, and also close against that lady's back door. An intervening leafy foliage of clematis and woodbine would have hidden him from anyone on the other side even at daylight, and Dr. Rane felt as much in private as he would have been in an African desert. From his own troubles his thoughts went roaming off to other matters; to the long sojourn of his mother at Easton, and to wondering when she meant to come home; and thence on to speculate on what the workmen's answer to Richard North's call would be.

"Will they show the white feather still? and it is nothing less, this cowardly grovelling to the dictates of the Trades Union," soliloquized Dr. Rane; "or will they respond to Dick like men of sense, and go back to him? But for those agitators——"

"I can tell you what it is, Mr. Tim Wilks, if you don't choose to keep your time and your promises, you need not trouble yourself to come worrying after me later. A good two mortal hours by the clock have I been at Green's waiting for you."

The above, succeeding to the sound of footsteps in the lane, uttered in the sharpest tones of Jelly, cut short the musings of Dr. Rane. A short squabble ensued; Jelly scolding; Tim Wilks breathlessly explaining. From what the doctor, sitting in silence and unsuspected, could gather, it appeared that Jelly must have had some appointment with Tim (no doubt of her own imperious making) which he had failed to keep, and that he had come running after her, only catching her up at the garden door.

Jelly put the key in the lock and stepped inside the garden; the servants sometimes chose that way of entrance in preference to the front. During the absence of Mrs. Cumberland Jelly acted as the house's mistress, entertained her friends, and went in and out at will. Mr. Wilks meekly remained where he was, not daring to cross the threshold without her permission.

"Is it too late for me to come in, Miss Jelly?" asked he.

"Yes, it is too late," retorted Jelly: the pair of them not having the slightest notion that any eavesdropper was near. Though the word could not justly be applied to Dr. Rane; he did not want to hear what was said; felt rather annoyed at the noise and the interruption.

"I couldn't get home before," resumed Timothy, "though I'm sure I nearly ran my legs off all the way from Whitborough. When a young man has his day's work to perform, and that in a lawyer's office, he is obliged to stop in beyond hours, if required."

"Don't tell me," said Jelly, who stood with the half-closed door in her hand in the most inhospitable manner. "You could have come home if you chose."

"But I couldn't, Miss Jelly."

"You are always stopping beyond hours now. That is, *saying* that you are."

"Because we have been so busy lately," answered Tim. "Our head clerk, Repton, is away through illness, and it puts more work on us others. Dale's as cranky as he can be; he works us like horses. If you believe me, Miss Jelly, I didn't have time to go out and get my tea. I've not had bit or drop inside me since one o'clock to-day."

This piteous view of affairs a little mollified Jelly; and she dropped her tart tone. Dr. Rane was wishing the talkers would go away. He would have gone himself, but that he did not altogether care to betray his proximity.

"Why does that old Dale not get another clerk?" demanded Jelly. "I should tell him plainly, if I were you, Tim, that going without my regular meals did not suit me."

"We should not dare to say that. Much he'd listen if we did! As to getting another clerk, I believe he is doing it. Repton's doctor says he'll never be well again, so Dale thinks it's of no good waiting for him."

"*You* were to be put up in Repton's place, if ever he went out of it," said Jelly quickly.

"I know I was"—and Timothy Wilks's voice took so strangely rueful a tone that it might have made Dr. Rane laugh under more open circumstances. "But when Dale made that promise, Miss Jelly, you see the affair of the anonymous letter had not taken place."

"What anonymous letter?"

"The one that killed Edmund North."

"Why, you don't mean to insinuate that Dale lays the blame of that on *you*?"

"I don't suppose he thinks I sent it. Indeed I'm sure he does not. But he was anything but pleasant over it to me at the time, and he has never been quite the same to me since."

"He is an unjust ow'l," said Jelly.

"One does not look for much else than injustice from lawyers."

"Does Dale say that letter is the reason of his not promoting you to Repton's place?"

"He doesn't say it; but I know just as well that it is so as if he did."

Jelly struck the key two or three times against the door. She was thinking.

"That's through your tongue, Timothy Wilks. You know you did talk of the matter out of the office."

"They say so," confessed Timothy. "But if I did, I'm sure I've been punished enough for it. It's hard that it should stick to me always like pitch. Why don't they find the writer of the letter, and plaster *him*? He was the villain; not me."

"So he was," said Jelly. "Tim, what would you say if I told you I knew who it was?"

"I? Excuse me, Miss Jelly, but I should not quite believe it."

Jelly laughed. Not a loud laugh, was it, but rather derisive, and full of *power*. Its peculiar significance penetrated through the slender thicket of green, to him who was seated under the cedar-tree, betraying to him all too surely that Jelly knew his dangerous secret. Even Tim Wilks, less sensitive, was struck with the sound.

"Surely, Miss Jelly, you do not mean that you know who wrote the letter!"

"I could put my finger out from where I now stand, Tim, and lay it on the right person," she answered in a low, impressive tone, little suspecting how literally true were the words.

Tim seemed struck aghast. He drew a deep breath.

"Then, why don't you, Miss Jelly?"

"Because—' Jelly stopped short. "Well, because there are certain considerations that make it inconvenient to speak."

"But you ought to speak. Indeed you ought, Miss Jelly. If Lawyer Dale got to hear of this, he'd tell you that it's quite obligatory."

Again there broke forth a laugh from Jelly. But quite a different laugh this time: one of light mirth. Tim decided that she had been only laughing at *him*. He resented it in his heart, as much as he was capable of resenting anything.

"You shouldn't make game of a young man in this manner, Miss Jelly! I'm sure I thought you were in earnest. You'd make a fine play-actor."

"Shouldn't I," assented Jelly: "and take in the audience nicely; as I take in you. Well"—changing her tone—"you must be soft, Tim Wilks! The idea of believing that *I* could know who wrote the letter?"

The hint about Lawyer Dale had frightened Jelly; bringing back the prudence which her impulsive sympathy with Tim's wrongs had momentarily scared away. All she could do then, was to strive to undo the impression raised. There existed certain considerations: and they made it, as she had aptly said, inconvenient to speak. But she felt vexed with herself: and resented it on Tim.

"Look here," cried she. "I can't stand at this gate all night, jabbering with you: so you can just betake yourself off. And the next time you promise to be home by a certain hour to take a late cup of tea with friends at Mrs. Green's, I'll trouble you to keep it. Mind that, Mr. Wilks."

Mr. Wilks had his nose round the post, and was beginning some deprecatory rejoinder, but Jelly slammed the door, and nearly snapped the nose off. Locking it with a click, she put the key in her pocket and marched on to the house.

Leaving Dr. Rane alone to the night dews under the heavy cedar-tree. *Were* the dews falling?—or was it that his own face gave out the damp moisture that lay on it? He sat still as death.

So—then Jelly did know of it?—as he had before half-suspected; and he had been living, *was* living, with a sword suspended over him. It mattered not to speculate upon how she acquired the terrible secret: she knew it and that was enough. Dr. Rane had not felt very safe before; but now it seemed to him as though he were treading on the extreme verge of a precipice, whose edge was crumbling from under him. There could be no certainty at any moment that Jelly would not declare what she knew: to-morrow—the next day—the day after: how could he tell which day or hour it might be? Oliver Rane wiped his face, his hand anything but a steady one.

The "certain considerations that made it inconvenient to speak," to which Jelly had confessed, meant that she was in service with Mrs. Cumberland, and that he was Mrs. Cumberland's son. While Jelly retained her place, she would not perhaps be deliberately guilty of the bad faith of betraying—as it were—her mistress. Not deliberately: but there were so many chances that might lead to it. Lawyer Dale's questionings—and who could answer for it that such might not at once set in at a word from Wilks?—or she might be quitting Mrs. Cumberland's place; or taking upon herself to right Tim with the world; or speaking, as she had evidently spoken that night, upon impulse. Yes, yes; there were a hundred and one chances now of his betrayal!

He must get away from Dallory without delay. "Out of sight, out of mind," runs the old proverb—and it certainly seemed to Dr. Rane that if *he* were out of sight the chances of betrayal would be wonderfully loosened. He could battle with it better, too, at a distance, if discovery came: perhaps wholly keep it from his wife. Never a cloud had come between him and Bessy: rather than let *this* disclosure come to her—that he had been the one who caused her brother's death—he would have run away with her to the wilds of Africa. Or, perhaps from her.

Run away! The thought brought a remembrance to his mind. That self-same morning another letter had arrived from his friend in America, Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones had again urged on Oliver Rane his acceptance of the offer—to join his practice there—that he had previously made, saying it was an opportunity he might never again have throughout his life-time. Dr. Rane fully believed it: it *was*, beyond doubt, a very excellent offer: but alas! he had not the requisite money to embrace it. Five hundred pounds—besides the expenses of the voyage and the removal: Dr. Rane had not, to spare, five hundred shillings. The Tontine money came flashing through his brain. Oh, if he could but get it.

The air grew really damp; but he still sat in the dark under the shade of the cedar-tree, reviewing plans and projects, ways and means. To him it was growing as a very matter of life or death.

How long he sat, he knew not: but by-and-by the faint sound of Dallory church clock was wafted to him through the clear air. He counted the strokes—ten. Ten? *Ten?* Dr. Rane started up; he ought to have gone for his wife long and long ago.

Boom! boom! boom! Six o'clock in the morning; and the great bell ringing out from the works of North and Gass! It was a bell Dallory had not heard of late, and sleepy people turned in their beds. Many had been listening for it, knowing it was going to be rung: some got up and looked from their windows to see whether the street became alive with workmen, or whether it remained silent.

Richard North was within the works. He had come out thus early, hoping to welcome his men. Three or four entered with him. The bell rang its accustomed time, and then ceased; its sound dying away, and leaving a faint echo in the air. There was no other answer: the men had not responded to the call. Nothing more than that faint vibration of sound, remained to tell of the appeal made by Richard North.

Richard North threw up, compulsorily, the offered contract; and proceeded on a journey without loss of time. Some said he went to Scotland, some to Belgium; but the utmost known about it was that his departure had reference to business. But that he was a temperate man, and given to pity as much as to blame, he could have cursed the men's blind folly. What was to become of them? The work was there, and they drove it away from their doors, driving all chance with it of regaining prosperity. They were forcing him to their supersedure: they were bringing despair, famine, death upon a place where content and comfort had used to reign. Yes, death: as you will find later. Sure never did greater blindness, than this, fall on mortal sight!

Days went on, and grew into weeks: not many: and Richard North was still absent. Prospects seemed to be looking gloomy on all sides. To make matters worse, some cases of fever began to manifest themselves at Dallory. Dr. Rane and his brother practitioner, Mr. Seeley, only wondered that something of the kind had not broken out before.

Amidst other places that wore an air of gloom was the interior of Dallory Hall. Madam's insatiable demands for money had been very partially responded to of late: not at all since the absence of Richard. Even she, with all her imperious scorn of whence supplies came, provided they did come, began to realize the fact that gold can no more be drawn from exhausted coffers than blood from a stone. It did not tend to render her temper sweeter.

She sat one morning in what she was pleased to call her boudoir—a charming apartment opening from her dressing-room. Several letters lay before her, brought up by her maid: she had carelessly tossed them aside for some hours, but was getting to them now when it was near mid-day. Not very pleasant letters, any of them, to judge by Madam's dark face. One was from Sidney at Homburg, imploring for assistance (which had not recently been sent him) in a piteous manner; two or three were rather urgent demands for the payment of private accounts of Madam's, rather long delayed; one was a polite excuse from Frank Dallory and his sister for not accepting a dinner invitation. There was not a single pleasant letter amidst the lot.

"I wonder what Dick North means by staying away like this!—and leaving orders at Tickneli's that no checks are to be cashed!" growled Madam in self-soliloquy. "He ought to be here. He ought to force those miserable men of his back to work, whether they will or not. He's away; Arthur's away; Sidney's away: and, with this uncertain state of things out-doors and trouble in, the house is worse than a dungeon. People seem to be getting shy of it: even Mary Dallory stays without the gates. That girl's an artful flirt: as Matilda said yesterday. If Arthur and Dick were back she'd come fast enough: I should like to know which of the two she most cares for. It is absurd though, to speak of her in conjunction with Dick North. *Dick North!* As well suppose she would take up with one of his workmen. I think I'll go off somewhere for awhile. Should it be true, this suspicion of fever, the place will not be safe. I shall want a hundred pounds or two. And Sidney must have money. He says he'll do something desperate if I don't send it—but he has said that before. Confound it all! Why does not gold grow upon trees?"

Madam's dress this morning was a striped lilac silk of amazing rustle and richness. Letting it all out behind her, she went down the stairs and through the hall, sweeping the dust along in a little cloud. Mr. North was not in his parlor: Madam went about, looking for him; sweeping still.

To her surprise she found him in the drawing-room: it was not often he ventured into that exclusive place. He had a shabby long coat on down to his heels, and a straw hat. Madam's scornful head went up fifteen inches when she saw him there.

"What do you want?" she asked in a tone that plainly said he had about as much right in the room as an unwelcome stranger.

"I have come to beg a bit of cotton of Matilda to tie up these flowers," was Mr. North's answer, showing some in his hand—and indeed it was only then he was preferring the request. "Thomas Hepburn's little boy is here, and I thought I'd give the child a posy."

"A posy!" mockingly repeated Madam, despising the homely term.

"I have no cotton," said Matilda, who lay back in a chair, reading. "What should bring cotton in a drawing-room?"

"Ah, well—I can bind a piece of the variegated grass round," said Mr. North with resignation. "I'm sorry to have troubled you, Matilda."

"And when you have disposed of your 'posy,' I am coming to *your* parlor," said Madam.

Mr. North groaned as he went out. He knew what "coming to his parlor" meant—that his peace would be destroyed for the day. There were moments when he thought heart and mind and brain must alike give way under home worries and Madam's.

"When did this come?" inquired Madam, pointing to a letter that stood upright on the mantel-piece: one addressed to Richard North, in her son Arthur's handwriting.

"This morning," shortly answered Matilda, not looking up from her book.

"Yes, Arthur can write often enough to Dick. This is the second letter that has come for him within a week. What did you do with the other?" Madam broke off to ask.

"Put it into Dick's room against he comes home."

"But Arthur does not trouble himself to write to us, or to let us know aught of his movements," resumed Madam. "We have not had a syllable from him since he wrote word that old Bohun was dead. Is he still in London?—or at his aunt's—or where?"

"I'm sure I don't know where," retorted Matilda, fractious at being interrupted.

Neither did she care. Madam turned the letter over in idle curiosity; but the post-mark was illegible, not to be deciphered. Leaving it on the mantel-piece, she went to look after Mr. North. He stood on the lawn, doing something to a dwarf-tree of small and most beautiful roses. There was some wind to-day, and the skirts of his old coat waved a little in the breeze.

"Did you hear what I said—that I was coming to your parlor?" demanded Madam, swooping down upon him majestically. "*Money must be had.* I want it; Sidney wants it; the house wants it. I——"

Mr. North had straightened himself. Desperation gave him a little courage.

"I'd give it to you if I had it. I have always given it you. But what is to be done when I have it not? You must see that it is not my fault, Madam."

"I see that when money is needed it is your place to get it," coolly returned Madam. "Sidney cannot live upon air. He—"

"It seems to me that he lives upon gold," Mr. North interrupted in a querulous voice. "There's no end to it."

"Sidney must have money," equably went on Madam. "I must have it, for I purpose going away for a time. You will therefore——"

"Goodness me! here's the telegraph man!"

This second interruption was also from Mr. North. Telegraphic messages were somewhat rare at Dallory Hall, and its master went into a fluster. His fears flew to his well beloved son, Dick. The messenger was coming up the broad walk, a despatch in his hand. Mr. North advanced to meet him; Madam sailing behind.

"It is for Captain Bohun, sir," spoke up the man, perceiving somewhat of Mr. North's tremor.

"For Captain Bohun?" interposed Madam. "Where's it from?"

"London, Madam."

Motioning to the messenger to go to the house and get his receipt, she tore it open without the smallest ceremony, and read its contents:

"Dr. Williams to Arthur Bohun, Esq.

"James Bohun is dying. Sir Nash wishes you to come up without delay."

Looking here, looking there, stood Madam, her thoughts busy. Where could Arthur be? Why had he left London?

"Do *you* know?" she asked roughly of Mr. North.

"Know what, Madam?"

"Where Arthur Bohun is."

Mr. North started a little. "Why, how should I know?" he asked. "It's ever so long since Arthur wrote to me. He sends me messages when he writes to Dick."

Madam swept in to the drawing-room. She took the letter from the mantel-piece, and coolly broke its black seal asunder. Even Matilda's scruples were aroused at this.

"Oh, mamma, don't!" she exclaimed, starting up and putting her hand over the letter. "Don't open that. It would not be right."

Madam dexterously twitched the letter away, carried it to the window and read it from end to end. Matilda saw her face turn ghastly through its paint, as if with fright.

"Serves her right," thought the young lady. "Mamma, what is amiss?"

Madam crumpled the letter into a ball of creases in her agitated hand; but no answer came from her white lips. Turning abruptly up the stairs, she locked herself into her chamber.

"She is in a passion of fright—whatever the cause may be," quoth Miss Matilda, in self soliloquy.

Ere the day closed, the household was called upon to witness Madam's sudden departure by train. She went alone: and gave not the slightest clue where she might be going, or when she would be back.

Matilda North had aptly worded the paroxysm: "a passion of fright." Madam was in both. For that rifled letter had given her the news of Arthur Bohun's present place of locality—and that he was by the side of Ellen Adair. What had become of Dick? the letter asked. He must make haste and come, or he would be too late. Madam did not understand at all. There followed a mysterious intimation to Dick; to Dick, whom Arthur so trusted, and who was true as steel; it was more obscure even than the rest; but it seemed to hint at—yes, to hint at—marriage. Marriage? Madam felt her flesh creep all over.

"A son of mine marry *her!*" she breathed. "Heaven help me to avert the danger."

About the last woman, one would think, who ought to call for help from Heaven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE. Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

As we write this it is impossible to say whether in the recent battles near Metz the French or the Prussians gained on the whole the advantage. The French claim to have repulsed the Prussians and occupied their positions. The Prussians claim to have forced Bazaine's army back upon Metz, where it is held in check by one of their corps, while the other two have the road opened before them to Paris, with only the smaller portion of the French army in the way.

A great battle is now predicted at Chalons, which already has been the scene of great conflicts. But such battles have a way of coming off at unexpected and unknown places, and probably it will be so in the present case.

Little is said yet of peace, for obvious reasons. For France to treat after her defeats, would be to acknowledge the superiority of Prussia; and only when completely overthrown and exhausted could she be expected to do this. Even then it would be a hollow treaty—a mere truce for the recovery of strength and breath.

On the other hand, King William is said to have declared that he will treat only at Paris—and that his conditions are—"His proclamation as Emperor of Germany; the transfer of Alsace with Strasburg to Baden; money compensation to Bavaria for her expenses; the deposition of Napoleon, and the enthronement of an Orleans Prince." Modest conditions these—but of doubtful authenticity.

For our own part, we wish to see the future peace of Europe provided for, and the balance of power preserved—this latter being the principal security for the freedom of its various nations, and the preservation of that Diversity of character and institutions which is the chief promoter of a high and progressive civilization. And because we value these things, we hope to see the present war end without any very great advantage being obtained by either side. A war in which both France and Prussia should exhaust themselves without either conquering the other, and which should make both parties very cautious about entering upon another conflict, would probably be the best for the interests of Europe and of the world.

☞ Now that any fool is thought good enough to send to Congress, we recommend the following beginning of a recent Academy address, as a suitable preface for the usual run of Congressional speeches: "It is rather difficult and pretty near impossible to communicate to others those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possessed."

ARISTOCRACY.

Out of all the Ducal families of England, there are now only three older than the reign of Charles II., viz: Norfolk, Somerset, and Hamilton. The modern peerages owe their origin to successful legislators, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, sailors and merchants, with a very scant sprinkling of literary or scientific men. The Earls of Radnor, Ducie, Pomfred, Tankerseville, Coventry, Dudley, Romney, Ashburton, Fitzwilliam, and Carrington, with many modern ones, are descended respectively from a silk worker, a tailor, a merchant, a mercer, a jeweler, and tradesmen and manufacturers.

It is the great merit of the English peerage that it is not a close aristocracy. Its doors are always open to able and ambitious commoners. And this is why it endures. For it represents thus, to a reasonable degree, the natural aristocracy of the nation, and finds in the latter an ally instead of an enemy. The same thing is true of France, and, if we are correctly informed, in a greater or less degree of all the aristocracies of Europe. They live by constantly absorbing into themselves the best strength and intellect of the whole nation, and thus maintain their claim to be, in fact, as well as in name, Aristocracies, or governments of the best.

BAYARD TAYLOR complains that the finest scenery on the Pacific Railroad is defaced by the advertisements of quacks. "At the Sherman Summit, along Green River, in Echo and Weber canons, in the Humboldt Palisades, wherever there are noble masses of rocks, you find them painted with the unclean shibboleth of the quack." Travellers will agree with him that the signs should be obliterated and their renewal prevented.

Those who defile the beautiful and romantic scenery of the land with the names of their nostrums, should be treated as they recently were by the commissioners of the Fairmount Park, in this city—made to undo their work by a course of laborious scouring. But every state should have a law interdicting such practices, while the territories should be protected by a law of Congress. Just to think of the Yo Semite Valley being invaded by the paintbrushes of these sacrilegious scoundrels. They might as well defile the inner walls of our churches.

ANOTHER overwhelming misfortune has overtaken the British Empire. Musquitoes have, for the first time, appeared in England. At Woolwich they are reported to be already "a pest."

Only about a week ago, a travelled friend of ours informed us how ignorant an English lady she met on the Continent was as to the musquito—they had no knowledge in England or Scotland of this musical little insect. But now it seems they are to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge in this respect, and become as wise as the rest of us. How could the musquito have got across the ocean? Has some perfidious Yankee, in revenge for the Alabama, carried the little innocents across the watery waste? This would be worse than teaching the English how to play base-ball. We cannot believe such a horrible revenge possible to mortal man. However it may have come to pass, if the musquito should now become permanent and universal in England, then is the new world avenged upon the old.

THE Female Principals of the Grammar Schools of St. Louis have recently had their salaries raised from $1,400 to $2,000 per annum by a resolution of the Board of Education, making the salaries of the Principals of first-class schools uniform. The female Principals, two in number, have occupied their respective positions for sixteen years. A motion that none but males should be appointed principals was rejected.

The correct general rule is to pay according to value, irrespective of the fact whether they are men or women. They should not be paid less, or more, because they are women. But if men, owing to their scarcity, sometimes succeed in enforcing higher rates than are really fair and just, that is no reason that the wages of women should be raised to the same unfair grade.

AT the yacht regatta at Newport, Tuesday, the English yacht Cambria came in first in a race with 16 yachts, but in the corrected time allowances the Magic was declared victor, the Cambria being second.

Our English friends build very excellent yachts—but we build better, it would seem. We still hold the "Queen's Cup," which we have now held for twenty years. England no longer "rules the wave" as to quality, even if she does as to quantity.

☞ The Langham Hotel in London has its staircase abundantly decorated with the monogram of the house—a large H intertwined with a very small L—causing a witty American lady to suggest that the large letters were the H's which the English residents have dropped while going up stairs.

☞ The development of the Illinois coal fields is asserted to be due to a farmer near Springfield, who thought that such a country could not be destined by Providence to be without fuel. "The wood is nearly gone," said he to himself, "and there must be coal." In this almost whimsical faith he sunk a shaft one hundred and sixty feet, and then struck a vein of bituminous coal, which he is now mining to the amount of $2700 per week.

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial thinks the census the most severe epidemic that has ever visited the country. It has swept off 175,000 in Chicago alone.

☞ A physician in London has invented an electrical machine with which he can make the human body entirely transparent. He puts you between him and the light, and then he can examine your interior as plainly as if you were made of glass. You have the stomachache, say. The doctor lights you up, sees that ache fooling around in there among your works, and then he goes for it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A CONSTITUTIONAL VIEW OF THE LATE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES; its Causes, Character, Conduct, and Results, Presented in a Series of Colloquies at Liberty Hall. By ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. With Portraits, on steel, of Celebrated Statesmen and Generals. In two volumes. Volume II. Published by the National Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo; Boston, Mass.; Atlanta, Ga.; also by Zieber, McCurdy & Co. Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo. Very interesting, as giving the Southern view, from an able and moderate man, of the late civil war.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Monthly Part for July. This part contains Oliver Optic's New Story, Plane and Plank; or, The Mishaps of a Mechanic. Chapters 1 to 10. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for August, contains several excellent articles. Published by Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Laight St., New York.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Editors, Prof. Henry Morton, Ph. D. and W. H. Wahl, Ph. D. For August. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philada.

THE OLD GUARD. A Monthly Magazine. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. August, 1870. Published by Sewell & Miller, Chicago, Ill.

THE MIRROR OF TYPOGRAPHY. For June. This number contains a copy of Messrs. L. Prang & Co.'s Chromo, illustrating Whittier's Barefoot Boy. It is printed in colors, from zinc plates, and is quite like the original. Published by T. H. Senor & Co., 6 and 7 Sun Building, New York.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. By Miss DICKENS, daughter of Charles Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Said to be quite interesting.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The September number contains Admetus; The Story of the Sapphire; By Steam and Paddle to Manitoba; About Dogs; Sir Harry Hotspur, of Humblethwaite, part V.; Mexican Reminiscences, part I.; A Pilgrimage; The House of Pennypacker & Son; Waifs from Field, Camp and Garrison; On the Hypothesis of Evolution, Physical and Metaphysical, part III.; A Glimpse of Quebec; My Story; Errata; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day, &c. "Admetus" is a poem in blank verse, by Emma Lazarus—a version of the old Greek story. It is finely versified; and proves we have another poet among us. Lucy Hooper's story is far above the average. The other articles also are good. "Lippincott" is improving with age—which we are glad to see. The "Atlantic" must look to its laurels. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GALAXY for September. This enterprising magazine contains its usual assortment of good things. Among the stories we notice the "Album of the Regiment," from the French of Edmond About; "Lady Judith," by Justin McCarthy; and the continued story called "Overland." There is also an article entitled "Three Women," by Richard Grant White; and one upon Temperaments, by T. M. Coan, M. D. Mark Twain has his department, as usual. Altogether an excellent number. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

How the French Soldier Marches.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune speaking of the French soldiery says:

I described in my last how a division of the French army marched out of Strasbourg; the same morning a regiment of Zouaves, belonging to the Algerian army, arrived at that place; a second regiment of Zouaves and one of Turcos were expected as I left. I wished to see how the division that had left in the morning would look after its march; so I took the train for Haguenau, which lies twenty miles north of Strasbourg. The division had been roused at midnight—I enter into details because I believe the present a good instance of how marches are made in France—to brew its coffee; the French have messes of six, one of whose members fetches water, while another lights the fires &c.; but although they were thus early astir, they did not, following their own account, commence the march until two, and could not really have got under way until four, from the hour they passed my hotel.

They marched until nine and one-half, when they halted for one and one-half hours, again partook of coffee and resumed their march, which was in all thirty-six kilometers, or about twenty-three miles. They said they had done this by two o'clock, but at any rate their rearguard and stragglers were seen by me coming in at three and one-half, and the camp was at that time nearly pitched. The stragglers were tired, foot-sore, and often galled. In many cases little boys ran by their side carrying their Chassepots. I was not surprised at seeing dozens of fatigued men; the day had been extraordinarily hot, the weight carried by each man was at the lowest estimation of twenty-five kilogrammes, or fifty pounds, and the distance, twenty-three miles, had been effected in ten or eleven hours. I saw enough to show me that, as we read, Frenchmen can and will make long marches under excessive weights, but I also saw that this is not done with that fabulous ease of which we have heard so much. The horses of the artillery looked fresh and beany; twenty-three miles pull over good roads was nothing to them.

The division had reared their tents in a sedgy meadow, by the banks of a sluggish stream. It was a convenient camping-ground, but although the drought had done much to dry what must be in winter a snipe-walk, the ground was not such as a Sanitary Commission would look on with approving eyes. Many of the men were bathing, more were contented with washing their feet, examining and altering the position of the strips of linen which several of them had substituted for stockings. Others were sousing their clothes in the brook, while the *cuisine* was being attended to by at least one of each mess. Everything, from the selection of the general position of the camp to the pitching of each individual tent, was conducted with that apparent regularity, that real attention to sound system, which characterizes the French army.

The population mixed freely with the soldiers, bringing them little presents of beer, wine, eggs, etc. They watched the soldiers cooking, the women repeatedly suggesting improvements, or taking the management of the pot. Boiling and stewing seemed to be the only recognized systems of preparing the rations. They looked at the fuel (wood) for each mess being carefully weighed out by the subordinates of the Intendance, or they coaxed the men to take to pieces the Chassepot for their inspection, and listened to the prodigious yarns which each marksman spun of his prowess at 1,300 yards, the longest range for which the weapon is sighted. The red trowsers of the men, most of whom had doffed their coats; the blue blouses of the civilians, the country costumes of the Alsatian paysannes, all mixed and jumbled together among the white little tents that dotted the green fields from which the hay had been removed—these together combined to turn a quiet, cheerful country scene into one of the most animated and picturesque camps it has been my lot to witness.

The associations of the French soldier with peasant life are too intimate to permit him to feel at all out of place when thrown among a rural population, and amid the yellow corn-fields which now call for the sickle, and more backward hop crop, which occupies a large share of Alsatian cultivation; nor is he likely out of ignorance or wantonness to enter the unfenced fields where the wheat has not been cut, or to trample on or injure the growing crops; he seems stranger and more curious when in the towns he gazes upon the vast cathedral of Strasbourg, or the quieter but still handsome Church of Haguenau, which he is apparently fond of doing with an appreciation and a reverence of manner that might shame many a British tourist.

In all that I witnessed I was struck with the self-sustaining powers of the French soldier and of his equipments; there was but little baggage, save that transported by the men themselves; each mess was complete for all purposes of camping and tentage; it carried its house, its kitchen, its magazine, and its three days' larder. It does not wait to settle down until huge trains of baggage-animals have come in, but wherever six French soldiers find themselves they are ready to fight until their ninety rounds of Chassepot ammunition are exhausted, to cook, or to sleep. The price paid for this independence of baggage-trains is that the French soldier himself becomes a beast of burden.

POSTSCRIPT.

The War in Europe.

A battle, lasting nine hours, was fought on Thursday between Gravelotte and Rezonville, resulting in the total rout of the French army, which was forced back to Metz, and the cutting off of all communication between that city and Paris.

There is a rumor of fighting at Chalons, but nothing official has been received from there.

The Census.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

A People's Bill, the Census Bill, has been passing through Committee in the House of Commons. Members tried to enlarge its scope, and make the information it is to produce rather more amusing; but not with much success, the House rejecting proposals to persuade us all, on a certain day in the month of April next, to confide to the Registrar General to what religious community we belong; whether we have married our first cousin; how many rooms there are without windows in our house, &c.

It appears to Mr. Punch that an excellent opportunity of obtaining a large mass of valuable statistical facts, bearing on the prosperity and national resources of the country, is likely to be lost for another ten years; and he, therefore, suggests to the House of Lords the propriety of their introducing into the Bill, when it comes before them, some such list of questions as the following, the answers to which would prove far more interesting than mere commonplace everyday details of name, age, sex, profession, or occupation, relation to head of family, &c.:—

1. Are you engaged?
2. What tooth-powder do you use?
3. Does your mother-in-law reside under your roof; and do you find this arrangement conducive to domestic happiness?
4. Do you keep Christmas?
5. Are you on friendly terms with your wife's relations? State the number of meals they have taken in your house during the last three weeks.
6. How many false teeth have you?
7. Are you homœopath, allopath, hydropath, thermopath, or Turcobath?
8. Which of the many kinds of cocoa do you prefer?
9. What allowance do you make your wife; and does she make it do?
10. Do you wash by the piece or the year?
11. How often in the week last preceding the 3d of April, 1871, had you cold meat for dinner?
12. What number of servants do you keep; and how many times have you changed them during the last three months? What are your arrangements with them as to tea, sugar, beer, their own washing, and the area-gate? Do you allow followers?
13. Are you troubled with black beetles, and what have you found to be the most efficacious means of destroying them?
14. How many poor relations have you?
15. What cough lozenges do you employ?
16. Were you married by banns or license? How many bridesmaids added to the expense? What was the duration of your courtship? Where did you spend your honeymoon; and how long did it last?
17. Do you take snuff?
18. Is the hair you wear all your own? (This question is *not* compulsory on ladies.)
19. Which daily paper do you read?
20. Do you belong to the Civil Service Supply Association?
21. Have you any expectations from wealthy relatives?
29. Do you wear screwed boots?
23. Do you suffer from indigestion?
24. Are you a smoker; and which do you prefer, a pipe or a cigar?
25. Are you High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Narrow Church, Fast Church, Slow Church, or No Church?
26. Have you ever visited Sir John Soane's Museum?
27. Do you take sugar in your tea?
28. Do you take Punch?

☞ Eight girls are learning the art of farming in the Michigan Agricultural College, and it is announced, as a remarkable case of endurance, that they work in the field three hours a day the same as the young male students.

☞ TO ANGLERS.—To properly bring up some fish you should not spare the rod.

Discipline of the Prussian Army.

The Berlin correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives us some interesting facts about the curious drill of the Prussian troops. He says:

The discipline and daily routine of exercise of the Prussian army is to all foreigners a source of never-ending wonder. The early morning is devoted to cleansing ("policing") the quarters, and correcting any irregularities which may have arisen out of the previous day's duties. Later in the forenoon the hours are given to study—arithmetic, geography, geometry, theory and practice of military science; and even singing is not neglected. Great importance is attached to the studies of the soldiers, and on attaining a certain advancement in knowlege, each one, after satisfactory examination, can shorten his term of service from one to two years. In the afternoon of each day the bodily culture is attended to, and this consists not only of purely military drill, but also of every variety of physical exercise calculated to add either strength or suppleness to the human form—running, leaping, vaulting, balancing, bayonet exercise, lifting, shooting, bending, altogether such an innumerable variety of movements that no muscle of the body is without its daily exercise.

These "squad" drills are followed by company and regimental parades, and at short intervals by grand field movements of brigades and divisions, and these once or twice a year by grand army movements with mock battles. I have not been fortunate enough to witness any of the grand tactics, but the exercises in detail, by company, battalion, squadron, or battery, and in particular the artillery movements seem to me to be as near perfection as patience and practice can make them. All this perfection of preparatory knowledge and practice must, of course, have its weight on the struggle of actual war, but if there is any ground for doubt as to the power of the German militia, would it lie in the too great reliance which is here placed on scientific knowledge and consequent distrust of a quick common sense, which is not too overburdened with acquired wisdom?

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls at $5.25@5.75 for superfine; $6@6.25 for extra; $6.75@7.50 for Northwest family; $6.75@7.50 for Penna family; $7@7.50 for Ohio family, and $8@9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye; 400 bbls at $6 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Sales of 40,000 bus new Indiana red at $1.40@1.43. 1500 bus new Penna at $1.50@1.52; 1000 bus choice new Western amber at $1.55@1.55, and 6000 bus new Delaware red at $1.38@1.40 ₱ bus. Rye: sales of 1200 bus old Penna at $1.05, and 2000 bus new at 100@98c ₱ bus. Corn: sales 70 000 bus Western at $1@1.05 for yellow, and 90@93c for mixed, and 15,000 bus Penna yellow at $1@1.06 ₱ bus. Oats: 18,000 bus old Penna sold at 55@58c, and 80,000 bus new Delaware, Penna and Western at 46@54c ₱ bus, mostly at 50c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20.50@21. Mess Beef sells at $20@22. Beef Hams are quoted at $28@40 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 22@24c; Excelsior hams at 25c; sides at 18@19c, and shoulders at 16@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 20@21c, and shoulders in salt at 14½@14¾c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 17@17½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 18c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 22@23c; very choice do 30c; choice New York tub at 28@30c; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 12 to 18c. Cheese—Sales at 14@14¼c. Eggs sell at 25@27c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 19½@20c ₱ ℔ for uplands and 20@20½c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron $30 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 4@5c, and Peaches at 6@7c for quarters, 7@8c for halves, and 17@20c for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,20; mixed do, $1,00@1,15; Straw, $1,00@1,05.

IRON—There is very little doing; small sales of No. 1 sold at $23@24; No. 2 is quoted at $21. Bar Iron is quoted at $52@55 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at $8@9 ₱ bus. Timothy at $4,50@5. Flaxseed at $2,25 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2700 head. The prices realized from 6¼@9¼ cts ₱ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₱ ℔. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 13,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

Economical Housekeeping.

We have now before us a circular published by the Sea Moss Farine Co., which we advise every one who takes an interest in the food question to read. It describes, concisely, the origin and uses of the edible SEA MOSS FARINE, and presents an array of scientific and other testimony in its favor which can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical of its paramount claims as an economic, wholesome, digestible eminently nutritious, and very pleasant addition to the national *caste*. This at least is the conclusion at which many of the most eminent hotel keepers, artistic cooks, physicians, chemists, merchants, &c., of New York, have arrived, and they state their opinions on the subject over their own signatures, in the pamphlet to which we allude.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have sewed more or less on six different machines, and prefer the Grover & Baker to all the others put together, for if I had all the others I should still want a Grover & Baker, and having it I don't want any other. My work is said to be superior to work done by efficient operators on the Singer and Wheeler & Wilson machines."—*Julia F. Brown, Crawfordsville, Ind.*

Another Mystery Solved.

Chemists being unable to discover the ingredients in fragrant SOZODONT, which removes all stains from the teeth and imparts such a peculiar rosiness to the gums, the public are hereby informed that it is a preparation from the bark of the Quillaya Saponnaria or Soap Tree of Chili, imported for the first time into this country for this special purpose. Such is the purifying and innocuous effect of this rare botanical agent, that it removes discolorations from the most fragile textile fabrics, without injuring a single thread.

Save and mend the pieces, use "SPALDING'S GLUE."

Invalids,

Especially Consumptives, will find the water and baths at the CONGRESS SPRING, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vt., under the care of DR. S. S. FITCH, of 714 Broadway, New York, one of the best curatives of Throat, Lung, Stomach, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism and Cancers. A cure usually effected in four to sixteen weeks. Climate life-giving, better than Minnesota or Florida. Congress Hall, the excellent hotel, open all the year. Board excellent and cheap. For particulars, references and rooms, apply personally or by letter to S. S. F. CARLISLE, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vermont. au27-8t

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People with Thin Heads of Hair

Should use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*," to make it grow thick and strong. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and as a dressing is absolute perfection. Clear and highly perfumed. Soils nothing. Price 75 cents. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 530 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, and all dealers. aug27-cow1f

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MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

R. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPTHERIA,
INFLUENZA
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all acute, inflammatory, malarious or infectious diseases prevented and exterminated. The weak, feeble, and nervous restored to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. One bottle will do more good, cure more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than $10 spent for all other medicines or bitters in use.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Sold by druggists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane. Price, 50 cents. aug20-tf

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Sinking Slowly.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested, it destroys it as certainly; and in like manner chronic debility, although it does not kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure to sap the springs of life eventually as any acute disease, if not checked by invigorating medication. There is something inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of premature decay. Languor, pallor, emaciation, depression of spirits, and a distaste for exertion, are its ordinary symptoms, and they should be promptly met by tonic treatment. The best invigorant and exhilarant that can be administered in a case of this kind is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The stimulating principle of the preparation rouses the dormant energies of the system, and the strengthening and regulating properties give a permanent and healthful impulse to the vital forces thus brought into play. The failing appetite is re-awakened, the process of digestion and assimilation are quickened, the quality of the blood is improved, the secretions become more natural, and every organ that contributes to the nourishment of the body undergoes salutary change. By these means the repair of the physical structure is effected and its health and vigor restored. In no class of diseases has the beneficient operation of the Bitters been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected with these ailments find in this most wholesome of all tonics and correctives the safest and surest means of relief. It is strong to restore and powerless to injure. Such is the uniform testimony of "clouds of witnesses." aug6-4t

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What Did It?—Lyon's Katharion made my hair soft, luxuriant and thick, and Hagan's Magnolia Balm changed that sallow complexion into the marble beauty you now see. This is emphatically the language of all who use these articles. A fine head of hair and a refined complexion are the greatest attractions a woman can possess. The Katharion and Magnolia Balm are just what will give them to you, and nothing else will. The Balm is the bloom of youth. It makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. Both articles are entirely harmless, and very pleasant. They should be in every lady's possession. aug6-4t

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Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

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Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 133 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

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YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and desiring further information Circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale New London Co., Conn.

Music Vale Seminary

jy2-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JEREMIAH REA to Miss CARRIE E. SOUDER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Lucas, Mr. GEORGE W. PECK to Miss ANN GEDEN, both of this city.

On the 15th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. DANIEL SLACK to Miss ALICE BUCKLEY, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Jos. Mason, Mr. JOHN E. SINCLAIR to Miss LIZZIE E. ANDERSON, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. HARRY C. STAGG to Miss MAGGIE J. MOLSBEED, both of this city.

On the 7th of July, by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SCHERR to Miss SUSAN N. CHAMBER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, JOHNSON STEPHENSON, aged 68 years.

On the 16th instant, Capt. JONAS STEELMAN, in his 62d year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. WILLIAM H. DILLMORE, Jr., in his 30th year.

On the 12th instant, SAMUEL FOX, Sr., in his 91st year.

On the 14th instant, JAMES D. MONROW, Sr., in his 78th year.

On the 14th instant, THOMAS BRANSON, Jr., in his 28th year.

On the 12th instant, SARAH, wife of John Wright, in her 45th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM H. HANCOCKS, aged 38 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. SAMUEL CLYMER, in his 54th year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also News, Agricultural Articles, Poetry, Wit and Humor, Riddles, Receipts, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of The Post are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 ☞ subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See Terms under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

LITTLE AND BIG.

"The child is father to the man."—*Wordsworth.*

Excuse me for turning my nose up
At sight of this paradox wild:
I assert that *no* son ever grows up
A bit like his father the child.
Just observe what mammas, among others,
Declare of nine babies in ten,
They are "sweet, pretty things," cry the mothers.
Well, where are the sweet pretty *men?*

Then the babes, as a rule, are "so clever,"
They notice whatever takes place.
Do they make men of intellect? Never;
At least, such is rarely the case.
I myself was a genius—a beauty—
Past rivalry many degrees:—
Has my father's own son done his duty?
Just look at me *now*, if you please!

The Hindu Scriptures.

A learned Hindu, Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, is at present in England. He belongs to the section of the Hindu community which represents the physician caste. As an orphan he went to an English school, and afterwards to a Calcutta college, where he gained a full knowledge of the English language, literature, and history, with which it was impossible he could remain in idolatry. Early in his career he therefore learned to despise the worship of idols, and by degrees, by thought and prayer, he came to believe in the One God. He then joined the party which is known in Lower India as the Brahmo Somaj (Church of God.) After a short time he became the head of the Reforming party which has now arisen in Bengal. The movement is leavening Hindu society, especially among the middle classes. It was impossible for these reformers to remain idolators, and at present they consist of two classes—the Rationalistic and Theistic. Mr. Sen believes in pure Theism, but he does not ignore the teachings of Christ and His disciples.

In a recent sermon, delivered by him in England, the service commenced by an invocation to the Divine Being, and singing by a choir, after which Mr. Sen read several selections from the Hindu, Jewish, Mahometan, and Parsee Scriptures, with a view, we presume, of showing the similarity of their moral teaching. Another hymn was sung, followed by a short but impressive prayer, and Mr. Sen then said he should take as the basis of his discourse, two texts—one from the Indian and one from the Christian Scriptures: "As the bee gathereth from all flowers, so the truly wise receive truth from all Scriptures great or small." "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respector of persons; but in every nation he that fear Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." We take the following extracts from a report of his discourse:

Many Christians had accused his countrymen of teaching idolatry. He admitted there was a great deal of idolatry in India; but if they turned to the early books of the Hindu Scriptures, they would find a statement to the effect that those objects which were worshipped by men were not the true objects of Deity. Those early writings positively asserted that the Lord our God is one, and there is no other God but one. That passage most clearly protested against the finite objects which were worshipped in India. Between that statement and the passage in our Old Testament—"Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord"—there was no difference; both were true; both taught the same God, and that He is one. In Hindustan was the system of caste, which created barriers between man and man, and woman and woman. It set up a line of demarcation between sect and sect, and race and race. But men whose hearts were catholic looked upon all as their kinsmen. The Hindu books were inimical to caste; and though caste had sprung up and had proved most mischievous and injurious to the physical and moral interests of the nation, yet there was a statement calling upon men to look upon one another as brethren. Similar statements were to be found in the Christian Scriptures. Some admitted there was Theism in India, and that there were doctrines teaching brotherhood; but urged that there was no pure theology in such books. He believed that pure Theistic morality was to be found in Hindu Scriptures, and a few passages from them would convince his hearers that that was true and indubitable. The Christian Scriptures said "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" and it was said in the Hindu Scripture "That the household should do everything to the glory of God; he should give to God all his works." That showed that in our domestic life every work we did must be done to the glory of God. That was the highest aim of our existence. What did we live for in this world? Was it that we might worship God once in the course of the week, and give a portion of our life and love? No; but that every duty we did might be to the glory of God, whether it were eating or drinking, whether engaged in philanthropy or patriotism, in the reading of books or the acquiring of riches—everything was to be done in the name of God and to His glory. Thus the Christian Scriptures harmonized with the Hindu Scripture. Truth was valued above all things in the Hindu Scriptures; truth was God, truth was the only eternal prayer, truth was the only religious ceremony, truth was the only eternal Scripture. It had been said "that the highest kind of love was not to be found in the Hindu books—that love to God was inculcated but not the highest kind of love to man. That there was no true philanthropy, no forgiveness; that the love to an enemy was a doctrine not preached in India, that it was only to be found in the Christian Scripture." There was in the Hindu Scriptures, he said, a passage, the sublimity of which he had never been able thoroughly to grasp. It said, "When an enemy comes to your house, show him the utmost hospitality; for the tree does not deny its shade to the man who fells it." When a man cut down a tree, he continued to enjoy the shade which it afforded even whilst engaged in the work of destruction. So should a man treat his enemy. He should show hospitality, he should continue to give protection to the man. Even when another was trying to destroy us, we should not keep from him our loving-kindness and hospitality. In the epistle to the Romans we are told to be not overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good. A similar passage was given in the Hindu Scripture, "Conquer anger with kindness; conquer malevolence with kindness; conquer untruth with truth," We were not told to return anger for anger—not to follow the law of retaliation, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Both passages breathed the same spirit—the sublime spirit of forgiveness and universal love. Some complained that the Hindu Scriptures taught dry and hard moral duty, but that there was no tenderness. His opinion was that they overflowed with tenderness and love. Love to God in all its fulness was to be found in the Hindu books. They taught that the Lord that dwells within our hearts is dearer to us than all things else, and that he who wishes to worship God must worship Him not as an abstraction, not as an intellectual duty, but as a God to be loved, a God who is dear to us. We must worship Him as some one dearer to us than son, or father, or mother, or our best friends on earth; dearer than luxuries or anything in the world. We were not to believe that God's spirit was a sort of abstraction, having nothing to do with the arrangements of the world or the destinies of its inhabitants; but that the Lord regulates the physical machinery of the universe; that the same God is to us our friend, our Saviour, our preserver, and our protector; and if we wish to draw near to Him, we must worship Him with our hearts, and not merely with the understanding.

Voice and Sound.

It is a curious fact that musical sounds fly farther and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, at the distance of a mile, we hear the musical instruments; but the din of the multitude, which is so overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying on the spot. To those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments the following observation will be understood: The violins made at Cremona about the year 1600 are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of those instruments it will appear much the loudest of the two; but on receding a hundred paces, when compared with the Amati, it will scarcely be heard. The voice of man is endowed with purity of tone in a higher degree than any of the vocal animals; by which, in a state of nature, it enables him to communicate with his fellow at a distance very remote. Providence has bestowed upon children a power of voice, in proportion to their size, ten times greater than that of the adult. In a state of nature this serves them as a defence and protection; for it is well known that children have, by their cries, alarmed and kept off the attacks of the most furious animals.

Strong Characters.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man, it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or, did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

☞ The Queen of Denmark is reported to spend only one hundred dollars a year on dress.

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

BY DANTE ROSSETTI.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve:
At length the long ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweighed
The pain naught else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly-born!"
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some one who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste,
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long-watched-for rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn,
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere the first quarter struck:
"Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

The Loves of Famous Men.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.

EDWARD GIBBON.

Once rummaging those pleasant boxes of old books which line the quays of Paris opposite the Academy, and which certainly offer the best returns for any careless digging, and down towards the Quai Conti, where Yorick bought his gloves from the famous grisette, the writer of these papers came on a little morocco-bound almanac interleaved. It had belonged to some royalist family, and was full of interesting addresses, such as that of Target the lawyer and others. Among them, however, was one of special interest—that of Mademoiselle Curchod, then living close to Geneva. The name of this young lady—an obscure Swiss parson's daughter—gave the little book all its interest. For she was to become celebrated—first, as the early love of Edward Gibbon, when he was merely a clever young man travelling, or pursuing diligently his studies for the great book which was to make him famous; later, as the wife of a real statesman, Necker; presently, on account of her own brilliancy, accomplishments, and sterling virtues, the faithful admiring wife and clever writer; and lastly, as the mother of a daughter far more famous—the restless, half-manly, and brilliant observer, Madame de Staël. These are substantial claims to notice. Yet she belongs to a class of characters who are not at all conspicuous, and whose name, rather than life, is familiar to the popular mind. But by a careful reader and student they are considered with extraordinary respect, on the grounds of weight and of worth; and the eye that follows the strange chaos of the Revolution, and the frenzy which seemed to sweep away all honor and principle, settles with satisfaction on this image of a true woman—calm, firm, gentle, beloved by all who had the happiness of knowing her. It is to be regretted that, like other remarkable ladies of her day, she did not leave detailed memoirs of her life; for her history would have been a perfect romance.

The figure of Gibbon is very familiar to us from the black profile usually found at the beginning of his collected works. The testimony of foreigners as well as of Englishmen, both, contemptuously enough, prove its accuracy. To corroborate it further, there is the well-known story of the blind French old lady and Charles Fox's coarse lines, neither of which testimonies could be well produced here. Yet this great man was a lover—a lover when he was old as well as when he was young. The style of his letters was always pedantic and like a page of his History, and the result proved that he was not what is called a successful lover.

The story of his early life is well known; his conversion to the Catholic religion, and his expatriation by his father to Switzerland, to be placed under the care of a divine there, who was to reconvert him. Change of scene, and perhaps an absence of sincerity, made the task not difficult; and the tutor was soon able to report that grace and conviction had done their work. How successful that labor had been, a famous chapter in his History was presently to show; but these were times when infidelity was held to be harmless compared with what were thought "the superstitions of Rome."

He was established at Lausanne, read a great deal, saw not a few remarkable people, and being known as "an *Anglais* of fortune"—crowds of whom were then overrunning Europe under the charge of "bear-leaders," a subject which Sterne was to choose presently for a sermon—was taken much notice of. His extraordinary information and studiousness was another recommendation. Not very far away there was a little village up in the mountains that separated the Pays de Vaud from Burgundy, and there a humble clergyman looked after a more humble flock. The learned convert, who soon made his acquaintance, could praise his gifts in a phrase that reads very much like a note out of his Roman History. "His profession did not extinguish the philosophy and moderation of his temper;" a strange sort of compliment, pleasantly in keeping with the satiric vein of this profound writer. The clergyman's wife was a French lady, to whom the young student was more gallant, saying that she had preferred her religion to her country—having, in short, been obliged to quit France through the severity of the penal laws.

But this pair had a daughter Susanne. She seems to have been a charming person; and her later career showed that the young man at that time was at least as well able to judge of human character in real life as he was when he had to decide on its old incomplete manifestation in books. She need occasionally to pay a short visit to her friends, and come across the mountains to Lausanne; and she left behind her every mouth filled with the praises of the wit, beauty, and erudition of the clergyman's daughter. Young Mr. Gibbon soon heard of this prodigy, and became curious to see her. He was presently introduced, and was quite captivated by her.

Not many years later a Frenchman—Suard—met Mr. Gibbon, and described him in rather a malignant fashion. Leaving a margin for ill-nature, it must be accepted as tolerably accurate. "The root of Mr. Gibbon's nose seems to be sunk deeper into his forehead than ever Calmuck's was; and the shapeless trunk of his body, with its stomach of Silenus, rests on a pair of spindle-shanks." His blemishes had not of course been developed at this time, but were *in posse*, as it were. But the young lady that attracted him had many charms. He himself gave a graceful and illustrative description of her attractions. He found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in her sentiments, and elegant in her manners. The young *clerc* was fascinated. "I saw her," he says, "and loved." His "first sudden emotion" was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. His advances were encouraged. From mere meetings at Lausanne, it came to formal visits at her father's modest little parsonage over the mountains at Crassey. He looked back to these as very happy days. The father and mother honorably "encouraged the connection." "In a calm retirement," says Mr. Gibbon in his stately historic way, as though he were describing the Empress Helena, "the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom. She listened to the voice of truth and passion, and he might venture to hope that he had made some impression on a virtuous heart."

Mr. Gibbon pursued his studies for a year or two longer, still speaking "in the voice of truth," and was then summoned home to England by his father. If some supernatural "return" could be ordered and made as to the various typical incidents of human life and character, it would be found that the conditions are about the same; the result repeats itself in millions of incidents. Here was Mr. Gibbon, with his "voice of truth and passion," and his "impression on a virtuous heart," his vows to a simple country girl, very much like a modern officer in a garrison town. Like the latter, he is ordered away, or has to go and "see his family," and as invariably, a third person steps upon the scene and forbids the banns.

Mr. Gibbon dispatches the rest of the business very quietly. "On my return to England, I found that my father *would not hear* of this strange alliance, and that without his support I was destitute and helpless. I sighed as a lover: I *obeyed as a son.*" The reader will note the curious use of the word "strange" in the sense of "foreign" or "incompatible;" and the awkwardness of the confession that he only discovered his dependence on his father at so convenient a moment. The "voice of truth" and even of passion was hushed in presence of this unsentimental argument. We may think of the poor girl in the lonely mountains, waiting for the lagging English post, then having this news broken to her with all the ingenious and elegant diction of the author of the *Decline and Fall;* her mortification too before the Lausanne coterie, with nothing left to console her but the "erudition without pedantry," which had so charmed her faithless admirer.

When he said he had "obeyed as a son," it must be owned that Mr. Gibbon gives rather an unhandsome account of the short sequel of the affair; or it may be that his lofty Decline and Fall manner had made him view everything as having historical bearings of some kind. That strange irony, sometimes unintentional with him, had grown into a habit; and so he goes on:—"My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the *tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady* herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem." Sensible Mademoiselle Curchod!

But she had made a large circle of friends, among whom this desertion caused no little indignation. Rousseau did not care to conceal his opinion. Some one had written to him with a message or commission for Mademoiselle Curchod, and he wrote back to say that he was certain to acquit himself badly in it, on account of his esteem for her. "The cooling-off of Mr. Gibbon has made me think meanly of him. I have been going over his book, and he seems to me to be straining at *esprit.* He is not the man for me; nor can I think that he will be the one for Mademoiselle Curchod. Any one who does not know her value, is not worthy of her; but a man who has come to that knowledge and then withdraws himself, is only worthy of contempt. . . . . I would sooner a thousand times that he left her poor and free among you, than that he brought her rich and miserable away to England." This was plain speaking; and later, was duly published with the rest of the philosopher's letters, and read by Mr. Gibbon, who made a half-good-humored, half-indignant protest against such treatment; but through the protest we almost see a secret consciousness of wrong.

Mr. Gibbon then went into the militia, and passed through the pleasant "mumming" of encampment. It is stated that it was this training that really made him give such graphic power to the military portions of his History; and some distinguished person lately, speaking of the volunteers, quoted this passage. It was received with good-humored merriment—a good test of the value of so ridiculous a statement. The deserted young lady remained in her retirement until the death of her father left her almost penniless. She then went to Geneva, and was driven to the calling of a governess; and there, says Mr. Gibbon, oddly, "she earned a *hard subsistence* for herself and her mother; but in *her lowest distress* she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behaviour. This mixture of compliment and awkward reminder was scarcely in the best taste.

But by-and-by was to come the reward. A rich Swiss banker, who did business in Paris, M. Necker, came that way, and, Gibbon says, oddly, "had the *good sense* to discover this inestimable treasure." Accident and labor, rather than good sense, generally guide discoveries. Her later career is well known, and the compensation for that early trial was destined to be brilliant. The banker became the minister; not only the minister, but a sort of "heaven-sent" one, called in to save France. The world now knows Madame Necker as one of its heroines—the clever, charming wife, the pleasant agreeable writer, the devoted partner, the good and pious woman, and the mother of the more famous "Corinne"—Madame de Staël. Mr. Gibbon found his way to Paris, where they were living, when the past was prudently forgotten; and in her *salons* was exhibited the distinguished Englishman, now very famous.

He, however, paid this homage to his early love—he never married. He was wealthy, and might have done so with advantage. The curious society at Lausanne and in Switzerland, where he saw Voltaire act, had a special charm for him. And so he pored over his Tillemont and Baronius, collected books and wrote, and grew fat and gouty and almost absurdly out of shape; and it was precisely at that crisis, when he was just fifty years old, he chose to fall in love again. The dramatic finale of that attachment was so comic, and placed him in so ridiculous a light, that it almost seems a Nemesis in consequence of his old desertion. It took place in the same locality.

Lady Elizabeth Foster, who afterwards became Duchess of Devonshire—a daughter of the eccentric Bishop of Bristol, of whom we had a glimpse in the account of Nelson's weaknesses—was on her travels over Europe. She was a true specimen of the dilettante English who were then found on the Continent, and who really did noble and liberal acts with their money in the service of art. Fancy a lady of title now-a-days printing an *edition de luxe* of Horace at an Italian press, exquisitely illustrated, and costing a fortune.

Mr. Gibbon was at that really dramatic passage of his life, in the middle of the year 1787, when he was completing his History, and on a certain night in June had written the last line of the last page of the great work. Great as it is, it seems now to be regarded more with respect and awe than affection; a feeling that Mr. Dickens has very happily expressed when he made Mr. Boffin choose it for the work with which he was to make his first acquaintance with literature. Very familiar is the description of the almost solemn act performed in a pavilion at the end of his garden. Laying down his pen, he took several turns in the "acacia alley," with a feeling of joy at getting back his liberty after this long and arduous servitude; but dashed with a certain melancholy, as he thought, however lasting might be the reputation of the book, the days of the writer might be numbered.

The lady arrived shortly after, and struck him, as she struck all, with the elegance of her form and manner, her *esprit*, cleverness, and, above all, the nice *apropos* of her compliments. She took a great interest in that dramatic completion of the great History, and was one morning asked to breakfast to inspect the very scene. In the mean time Mr. Gibbon had interpreted her "sweetness" and elegance, and all the compliments, as so many proofs of the impression he was making upon her heart. And it seemed this occasion would do excellently to bring on a *denouement.* After breakfast was over, he brought her out to look at the famous acacia walk, and the view of lake and mountain which it commanded. She was enthusiastic in her delight, and expressed herself in all the raptures becoming admiration for scenery when the historian suddenly affected to be jealous of the praise bestowed on such objects, and electrified her by an eloquent and passionate declaration, at the same time falling on his knees.

The astonished lady could hardly understand at first; then burst into a fit of laughter. The situation must have been ludicrous indeed; the unwieldly lover still pouring out his vows, and she remaining some paces off and trying to soothe him. At last he understood his mistake, and then she bade him get up. But this was impossible; gout, enormous fat, and rheumatism utterly incapacitated him. The brilliant lady, cruelly ignoring the romance of the situation, came to his aid and tried to raise him; but it was in vain. Then both parties agreed to look at the matter in a prosaic light; and it was determined that she should go for assistance, and give out that Gibbon had fallen. She went, and two stout peasants of the place came up, raised him between them, and landed him in his familiar easy-chair. Mdlle. Curchod was certainly avenged when these honest creatures soundly rated him for his folly, and told him he should not stir without the help of servants. To her honor, the duchess never mentioned this ludicrous adventure during his lifetime; but she afterwards told it to the Chevalier A. de Montor, who relates it in the *Biographie Universelle,**

* The Rev. Dr. Russell, the learned and amiable President of Maynooth College, has called attention to this scene in his Life of Monzolanti, as well as to the curious blunder of Lord Brougham, who names Mdlle. Curchod the heroine.

Proverb: "When you are at Rome, do as Rome does."—This probably may be traced to a saying of St. Ambrose. St. Augustine mentions in one of his letters (Ep. lxxxvi. *ad. Casulan.*) that when his mother was living with him at Milan, she was much scandalized because Saturday was kept there as a festival; while at Rome, where she had resided a long time, it was kept as a fast. To ease her mind he consulted the bishop on this question, "who told him he could give him no better advice in the case than to do as he himself did: 'For when I go to Rome,' said he, 'I fast on the Saturday, as they do at Rome; when I am here, I do not fast.' With this answer," he says, "he satisfied his mother, and ever after looked upon it as an oracle sent from heaven."

☞ Opportunities are like flowers that fade at night; seize them, therefore, while they last.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There is not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our *frugal* dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

A Spanish Adventure.

It was one of those clear, bright winter nights known only to those who have visited the southern shores of Spain, that a merry party of young men sat, after dinner, in their mess-room at Gibraltar. They belonged to one of England's most distinguished regiments, whose gallantry in the field had won them a reputation they well deserved.

Spain at that time was infested by a large and powerful band of highway robbers, their chief being the celebrated Jose Maria, whose presence struck terror into the hearts of all those who, either for pleasure or business, had to travel through Andalusia. Rumors had just reached Gibraltar of a daring attack made by Jose's band on the travellers in the diligence between Malaga and Granada, who, in spite of having a strong body of mounted carabineros to escort them, had fared very badly in the encounter.

"I should be very sorry," said Major Clarke, "to have to travel through Spain at present; for I am sure this troop of Jose Maria's would surround the whole of our regiment, and strip us of all we possess before we could get through the mountain passes."

"I would not attempt it for a thousand pounds," answered Captain Leicester; "for I am certain that fellow Jose would hang you on the first tree if he found nothing to plunder; and if he discovered you were a British officer belonging to this garrison, would keep you a close prisoner till you were ransomed."

Every one present had his say; some thought they might escape the great chief; others were ready to bet any odds against him.

In the midst of all this conversation, one of the captains of the regiment, who had as yet not given his opinion, quietly stated he would take short odds that he would start in three days, should he be able to obtain leave of absence, and ride alone from Gibraltar to Madrid without being robbed, hanged, or otherwise ill-treated by Jose Maria or his band.

"Done!" says one voice; "Done!" says another; and so on, till my old friend found himself beset on all sides by youngsters anxious to lay him any odds.

"I think, Turner, you are very wrong," said Major Clarke, "to undertake so foolish and dangerous an expedition, for although you can speak French, you do not know a word of Spanish; and remember, your bet is to go alone, so you cannot even have the advantage of a 'Rock scorpion' who understands English, as your guide. My friend, Mr. Powell, says you will never accomplish it."

All eyes turned toward Mr. Powell, a Gibraltar merchant, that evening a guest of Major Clarke, and whose experience made every one anxious to hear his opinion on the subject.

"I should strongly recommend you, Captain Turner," said Mr. Powell, "not to undertake the journey. The Major says you neither speak the language nor know the country; and at present, I am told, the whole of Andalusia is infested by these robbers, therefore you are more than likely to fall into their hands, as Jose himself is in this neighborhood. Annul the bets at once, and do not apply for leave. I am sure you will to-morrow be heartily glad to have taken my advice."

"No," said the quiet Captain Turner; "when I once make up my mind to a thing I like to carry it out. Besides, we have always heard that the said Jose Maria is a fine, noble fellow, who has in his rough way done so many generous acts, that I should not mind making his acquaintance, even at the risk of having to walk all the way home to Gibraltar, supposing they should take a fancy to my horse, which is not a very good one. I bought the animal a short time since at St. Roque, and certainly gave very little for him."

Offers were made to scratch all the bets; but nothing would do, for Captain Turner had made up his mind to go, and go he would.

The rest of the evening was spent in the ante-room, some officers playing whist, others a round game. None were absent save the gallant Captain Turner, who went off to write his application for leave of absence, and make what little preparations were necessary for a two months' journey in Spain, where a man's whole kit is stowed away in two saddle-bags slung on each side of his horse. The following afternoon saw Captain Turner's name in garrison orders as having obtained leave of absence to visit Spain.

The next morning, a few minutes after gun-fire, Captain Turner, and three brother officers anxious to give him a *pas de conduite*, were seen riding through the beautiful Alameda Gardens, full even at that time of the year of sweet-scented geraniums. Their passing through the main street did not attract much attention at that early hour of the morning; and with the exception of an occasional shouldering of arms by some sentry of their own regiment, the four horsemen might have said they had left Gibraltar without meeting a human being.

When they had gone through all the gates, and were fairly on the neutral ground, with the Queen of Spain's chair staring them in the face, the three friends again endeavored to dissuade Captain Turner from undertaking the journey; but nothing they said had any effect, and after escorting him about two miles along the eastern coast, they parted, wishing him all possible success and a happy return home. It would be needless to follow our enterprising traveller along that beautiful coast till he reached Malaga, at which place he arrived safely, having preferred that route to the unknown (to him at least) short cut through the cork-woods, the mountain passes of Ronda, and so on to Cordova, where you meet the great "Camino Real," or Royal Road, which goes from Seville to Madrid.

Captain Turner having sufficient time before him, was not going to make a toil of pleasure, and therefore determined to remain en route wherever he pleased, and accordingly decided on staying two days at Malaga.

On the second morning after his arrival Captain Turner started for Grenada; and after an early breakfast and sundry inquiries from *el mozo*, or waiter, who could speak a little English (of which he was very proud), as to which gate he was to leave the town by to get on the high road to Grenada, he fairly got under weigh, and it was not long ere he found himself ascending that beautiful hill from which you get the first glimpse of the Sierra Nevada.

With the exception of a few lines of mules laden with wood or sand, our traveller encountered nothing to intimidate him, or cause him to regret having left his comfortable quarters in Gibraltar.

When he reached what was then called "La Venta Nueva," or New Inn, he found sitting in the large kitchen a group of very suspicious-looking men. On his entrance they ceased talking and singing; and turning to examine the intruder from head to foot, asked him several questions in Spanish, which he was not able to answer.

The landlord began laying a small, white tablecloth at the end of the long table nearest the fire, and making signs with his hands and mouth soon understood that the new-comer would like something to eat. Captain Turner, with the aid of a vocabulary, informed his host that he not only wanted *una comida* (a dinner), but *una cama* (a bed) as well.

This piece of news seemed to give general satisfaction; and the moment they found he could manage to say a few words in Spanish, they surrounded him, and a volley of questions ensued, as to where he came from, where he was going, etc. The dinner, which in those small inns consists always of the *olla podrida*, is ready at a moment's notice, never being moved from the left hand side of the large chimney-piece, where, as nothing but wood is burnt and the ashes seldom taken away, it always retains a certain degree of heat. The meal being over, the curiosity of the audience subsided, and the singing and jabbering recommenced. Captain Turner, lighting his cigar, strolled out to see how his horse had fared; and after a short walk up the road, to look at the beautiful valley on the right, where in autumn the vines groan under the weight of enormous bunches of Muscatel grapes, which in those days were often left to rot on the ground, he retraced his steps, and, after requesting to be called very early, retired to rest.

The following morning at sunrise our traveller was in the saddle once more; and as he had been informed in Malaga by the British Consul that the road from thence to Grenada, though the most picturesque, was by far the most dangerous, he determined to keep a sharp look out on all sides.

No one was to be seen about that morning, save a few peasants going to their work, and he began to believe that there was not a word of truth in all that was said about the dangers of the country; when on reaching that splendid pass which leads you to the first view of the ancient City of Grenada on the opposite mountain, with the beautiful valley, so truly called the Golden Valley, beneath you, he heard a shrill whistle, and a noise above his head like the sound of men running over very uneven ground. His very horse seemed to be aware that danger was near; for pricking up his ears, and turning his head toward that side of the mountain from whence came the sound, he started off of his own accord into that sort of amble so peculiar to his race.

"Be quiet, you old fool! what are you afraid of?" said his master; but still the animal increased his pace till he had got through the pass and was beginning to descend the mountain, and not till then was our friend able to get him into his usual walking pace. Captain Turner looked on every side and could see no one; but on reaching the next turning down the road he suddenly found, as if by magic, a remarkably handsome Spaniard alongside of him, very well mounted, and dressed according to the fashion of the country, who for a few seconds seemed entirely engrossed by the sight of our lonely traveller and his steed. After the usual morning salute, answered by Captain Turner with an unmistakable English accent, the Spaniard reigned up his horse, and with the usual "*Vaya em. con Dios*," turned to the right about; but before going many yards, sang out at the top of his voice: "*No vale nada*." (Not worth anything.)

A few hours more found our friend in that long narrow street which leads to Plasza, where the principal hotel in Grenada was then situated; where, after resting himself and ordering his dinner, he strolled out to hear the military band perform in front of the Governor's house.

Grenada is much gayer than most Spanish towns generally are, having several good cafes, a capital theatre, and many other places of public amusement. The next day our friend found there were no less than three English families in the hotel, besides several others residing in the town. Captain Turner very soon made the acquaintance of two young men staying in the same hotel, who, having been there for some time, volunteered to lionize him all over the place.

They did it to perfection, showing him all the principal rooms in the Alhambra, and, with the aid of an old map they had purchased, described what that beautiful palace must have been before King Ferdinand thought fit to demolish part of it and build stables for his horses.

After a walk through the curious old gardens, and a good look at the tree under which the last of the Moorish kings was slain, the party descended into the town, and after duly inspecting all that was to be seen there, returned to the hotel. Here, again, our friend was advised not to undertake his rash journey; for at the table d'hote, happening to be seated next to an English lady, the conversation turned on the state of the country, and when she heard of Captain Turner's intended trip to Madrid, she did all in her power to persuade him not to go further.

Having spent three very pleasant days in Grenada, where for the first time since he left Gibraltar he had heard his native language spoken, Captain Turner started for the mountainous but picturesque road which leads you to Ciudad Real, over the ridge called Sierra Morena. It was on the seventeenth day of his departure from Gibraltar that, late in the afternoon, we find him trotting up the above-named mountain, hoping to reach a small roadside inn ere the sun had dipped behind some of the enormous rocks that surrounded him, when he was overtaken by a Spaniard on horseback.

At first Captain Turner thought it was the same person he had met before reaching Grenada; but on second looks he soon discovered that it was a far higher stamp of man than the one before described.

In dress both were much alike; but the appearance of the latter was so aristocratic, and the way he managed his beautiful black horse which seemed to understand every word his master said to him, so delighted Captain Turner, that for a time he was at a loss which to admire most, the man or the horse. Like all Spaniards, who delight in admiration, our new-comer rode on for a few minutes without attending to anything but his horse; and after showing the noble animal off to the greatest advantage, he inquired of our friend where he was going, and finding Spanish was not familiar to him, immediately began the conversation in French.

"I suppose," said the Spaniard, "that you intend spending the night at the little inn yonder, for you would have a very long ride before you could get to the next one; besides, there are so many roads branching off this, that you would not know which to take if you have not travelled this way before."

On arriving at the inn, Captain Turner remarked how very attentive everybody was to his fellow-companion. It was evident he was no stranger to them all.

"I will see that your horse is well cared for, Senor; and if you will have no objection, we will dine together."

This being agreed upon, they both sat down to a very good meal, which considering the wild part of the country they were in, appeared very much as if some one of importance had been expected. After dinner the conversation turned on Madrid, and after inquiring where he was going, the Spaniard in a joking way remarked he had better look out for Jose Maria and his band, who were in great force in those parts.

Captain Turner, either from feelings of great confidence and liking for his new acquaintance, or from a feeling of disgust at every one warning him against the bandit chief, began singing his praises as if he were his best friend; and after repeating the same words he had made use of in the mess-room on the memorable evening when the bets were made, confided to his companion all that had taken place in Gibraltar, and what had induced him to take this trip to Madrid.

The Spaniard seemed greatly amused by all this; and after a couple of hours' chat, during which time a great many of Captain Turner's cigars had been smoked, they retired to rest.

"I shall be off very early in the morning," said our friend; "and as you seem to like my cigars, pray allow me to offer you a bundle of them."

"Thank you," answered the Spaniard; "they are certainly very good. And now let me offer you something in exchange;" and drawing his large Spanish knife from his belt, he cut one of the silver buttons off his jacket. "There," said he, "is a pass for you all through Spain. To-morrow, before you have gone many miles, you will be stopped; but the moment you see the men approaching, show them this button, and not one of them will interfere with you, for I am Jose Maria."

He then shook hands warmly with Captain Turner and retired.

The latter could not sleep for several hours, thinking over his strange adventure and regretting he had not sooner discovered who the stranger was.

The following morning, ere he started, Captain Turner looked everywhere, hoping to see the great man again, but was forced to take his departure without doing so. A few miles from the inn he found himself overtaken by four men on horseback, who began talking to him in Spanish. Recollecting the button, he took it from his pocket and showed it to them. The effect was magical; three of them immediately took a path leading up the side of the mountain and disappeared; the fourth fell back and accompanied the captain, but at a respectful distance. The latter now considered himself perfectly safe, but soon found out his mistake; for on coming to a sharp turn in the road, he suddenly found himself surrounded; two men seized his reins, two more laid hold of his saddle-bags, while the others pointed their carbines at him. Luckily for him, before he could get the button out—for he was so taken by surprise that he lost his presence of mind—his mounted escort rode up at full gallop, crying out at the top of his voice, "Button, button! he has a button!" All hands were off at once, and the men retired behind a rock to their hiding-place.

We must now follow Captain Turner to Madrid, the remainder of his journey having been performed without any further adventure, his mounted escort never having left him till within five miles of the capital.

A fortnight after his arrival in Madrid, Captain Turner was induced by some of his friends to go with them to a masked ball, it being Carnival time. They had just done supper, when a very handsome woman came up to the table where they were sitting, leaning on the arm of a tall, fine-looking man. In a moment the captain recognized Jose Maria—for it was he—and, jumping up, was going to greet him, when he was arrested in his movements by a warning gesture from the latter. Shortly after, having conducted the lady to her seat, Jose approached Captain Turner, and said in a low voice:

"You were once in my power; I am now in yours. If you wish to win your bets, and return in safety to Gibraltar, be silent."

After a pleasant stay in Madrid, Captain Turner thought it time to retrace his steps to Gibraltar, and had not proceeded many miles when he observed a mounted escort following, which never lost sight of him till he was safely landed in Gibraltar.

☞ A FOOLISH THING.—An amusing incident occurred recently at a rural school. The subject was the history of Samson, and the question, "What foolish thing did Samson once do?" Expectation was on tip-toe to ascertain his peculiar weakness, when from a front seat came the reply, given with solemn preciseness and irresistibly ludicrous accent: "He went down among the Philistines and got a wife!"

TO JULIA SWINGING.

What gleams of white are those—now swift, now slow—
Among the avenue's cool shadows yonder?
A cloud of Butterflies, that to and fro
Delight to wander?

The interweaving boughs are thick with leaves,
Whose screen all closer observation fences;
And every fleeting glimpse the more deceives
My puzzled senses.

Is it some rare bird flitting through the trees—
An angel o'er the earth its bright course winging—
A merry fay? 'Tis all, yet none of these:
'Tis Julia swinging!

Oh, sweet coquette! the swing's a fitting type
Of those coy arts and wanton wiles that won me;
For now you fly to me, in beauty ripe,
And now you shun me.

Ah, why thus torture me with fleeting charms,
That set my heart tumultuously beating—
Advancing thus almost into my arms,
And then retreating?

You seem to rush to me—oh, maddening bliss!—
As if to mingle into one our two souls;
And after all but offer me to kiss
Your tiny shoe-soles.

Now flinging all your beauty at me, now
Withdrawing it as quickly, you but fool me—
Just as your white robe, fluttering, fans my brow,
But doesn't cool me.

Of earth am I, alas, and you're of sky;
I feel it while you fly so far above me.
When I so lowly am, and you're so high,
How *can* you love me?

But, after all, where is your need of swings?
First give me that white rosebud as a relic,
And then renounce the cheat, reveal your wings,
And be angelic!

TOM HOOD.

AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY
Of the Eighteenth Century.

BY LADY ALICE HAY.

Eighty-nine years ago a wedding-party assembled in the chapel of the ducal palace at Brunswick. It was a royal wedding—a scene of much splendor and still more rejoicing, with no lack of outward show and true hearty feeling.

There was much to interest the spectators in the bride and bridegroom. They were both young, handsome, accomplished; the world lay before them with a fair promise of honor and prosperity, with no cloud to dim their horizon, no evil omen to shadow their future. But if the veil which mercifully concealed that future had been for one moment uplifted, it would have revealed a dark and terrible fate in store for the young girl whose life had hitherto seemed so bright and untroubled. Before many years had elapsed, that beautiful bride was destined to perish in a foreign land, far from her husband, her children, and her family, under circumstances of peculiar horror. The mystery that shrouds the fate of Augusta of Brunswick has never been explained, and her very name is now almost forgotten.

The first-born child of the gallant warrior, Duke of Brunswick, who had wooed and won the hand of an English princess, Augusta, daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of George III.—the Princess Augusta was only in her sixteenth year at the time of her marriage to Frederick William, Prince of Wurtemberg. She was beautiful, accomplished, gifted with warm affections, a generous heart, and peculiarly graceful and winning manners. The Duke of Brunswick was tenderly attached to his fair child, and it is said that he suffered deeply on parting with her. The marriage appears to have been dictated by political expediency rather than personal feeling; but for a time the young couple were not unhappy. The Prince was an attentive, a kind, if not a tender husband, and the reputation of his beautiful consort had not yet been attacked by scandal.

In 1784 Frederick of Wurtemberg (who, although nephew and heir to the reigning duke of that small domain, was at present possessed of a very limited patrimony) entered the Russian military service, and quitting Germany, took up his residence at St. Petersburg. He was accompanied by his wife and children. This ill-advised step, which brought about the most fatal results, was undertaken against the wish of the Duke of Brunswick, who naturally dreaded and disliked the idea of his daughter being placed in so trying and dangerous a position. The Russian court was notorious, even in those very easy-going days, for its inherent and unblushing licentiousness, and the favor and friendship which Catherine II. extended to the Princess was fraught with peril to a young, handsome and inexperienced woman. At this distance of time it is impossible to decide as to the guilt or innocence of this unfortunate Princess, the more so as scarcely any reliable information can be obtained on this point. It is said by some writers that she occasioned the deepest shame and disgrace to her husband and her family; whilst others declare that, though imprudent and thoughtless, she nevertheless remained innocent at heart. However this may be, it is certain that the Prince treated his wife at this time with indifference, if not neglect, and that serious differences had arisen between them. At length the Duke of Brunswick wrote to his son-in-law, advising him to leave Russia without delay, and to rescue his consort from an atmosphere of so much danger. Frederick at once acted on this advice, and, relinquishing his appointment, prepared to quit Russia; but the Princess refused peremptorily to accompany him. She declared her intention of remaining at St. Petersburg under the protection of the Empress; and finding all remonstrance unavailing, Frederick was compelled to leave, followed only by his children.

A year elapsed, and then the news reached the Duke of Brunswick that his daughter had died suddenly. No details were given, no dates; nothing but the dry, curt, official announcement. Heart-broken by the tidings, the Duke wrote at once to Catherine, desiring to have some further information on the subject, and also requesting that the body of the ill-fated Princess might be given up to him; but no answer was ever vouchsafed to this letter. The imperial autocrat of all the Russias could afford to turn a deaf ear to the threats and entreaties of a petty prince; whilst one more deed of treachery and bloodshed would not trouble the conscience of the woman who had planned and instigated the murder of her unfortunate husband.

It appears that, for a short time, the Princess of Wurtemberg shone at court as one of Catherine's chief favorites, flattered, admired, and triumphant; but suddenly she was arrested one night, separated from her German attendants, and transported to the castle of Lhode, situate about two hundred miles from St. Petersburg. From that time Augusta of Brunswick was never seen alive; but the manner of her death remains a profound mystery. A few months latter, it was announced that the Princess of Wurtemberg had died from the breaking of a blood-vessel, but no further details were given, and no inconvenient questions asked.

It has been said that jealousy of the Princess's superior beauty and youth aroused the enmity of Catherine II., and that she adopted this plan to rid herself of a dangerous rival. But the motive of this dark tragedy remains a matter for speculation, and no clue to the real fate of Augusta of Brunswick has ever been obtained. Ten years rolled away, and Frederick of Wurtemberg again sought a bride to share his fortunes.

This time he chose an English Princess, and, strange to say, the cousin-german of his first wife—Charlotte Augusta Matilda, eldest daughter of George III. It is well known that the King refused to sanction this alliance, until he received from the lips of his future son-in-law an explicit denial of his being in any way cognizant of the murder of his unhappy wife. The interview was strictly private, but the King declared subsequently that the result was satisfactory, and the marriage took place in 1797 at the chapel royal, St. James's. But it has been said that the consent was not cordially given, and it was noticed that Frederick of Wurtemberg never revisted England.

Augusta of Brunswick was only in her twenty-fourth year at the time of her mysterious death. A few years later her family were overwhelmed by disaster and adversity, not one member escaping.

Her father perished at the battle of Jena, despoiled of his hereditary possessions; her mother died in exile and poverty; her brother, "Brunswick's fated chieftain," was killed at Waterloo; whilst the shame and degradation that clouded the life of her only sister, Queen Caroline, is still fresh, but too well remembered.

Of the two children borne by Augusta of Brunswick, the eldest, a son, succeeded his father as King of Wurtemberg, and died recently; whilst the daughter Catherine, who inherited her unhappy mother's beauty and amiability, became the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia. Renowned for her conjugal virtues, this excellent princess died before she attained middle age, leaving one son, the Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, and a daughter, the Princess Mathilde Demidoff.

The Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century

BY EMMA HARDING.

God in developing the earth through various forms of martyrdom. Who of the people would ever have undertaken to build any of the labor-saving machinery for the people, but for want and stern necessity urging on the inventive intellect? Does not the martyrdom of want and adversity expand the soul, and bring into exercise latent powers? Where is the pampered child of luxury and wealth that has benefitted the world by the simplest invention or an original idea? There is none. Genius is ever rocked in the cradle of poverty; disciplined in the hard school of want, and nailed to the cross of affliction; made glowing bright through fires of martyrdom.

Read the history of the world's writers, poets, sculptors, painters and explorers. All the productions of their brain were brought forth through the hard and relentless discipline of poverty. It was the hand of necessity that chiseled that beautiful form from the block of marble. It was the hand of necessity that moved the painter's brush, until the beautiful ideal of the brain glowed forth from the canvass. It was the hand of necessity that moved the poet's pen to write lyrics that have thrilled the world with rythmic lore. It is stern necessity that has given to the world some of the brightest gems of literature. It was stern necessity that sent forth the exploring mind in quest of new worlds, and continents, and new systems of worlds in the starry realms. It was necessity that sent forth these names to immortality, and gave us their achievements to deck the world with beauty. In all great works the relentless hand of want and necessity is distinctly shone forth. 'Tis this hand that has strewn the onward road of progress with gems of beauty, love and truth. The discipline of poverty and want nerves the intellect of genius to immortal work.

"Father Knows."

A gentleman was one day opening a box of dry-goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the box, he laid some of them upon the arm of the boy. A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by, looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said—

"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Johnny, in a sweet, happy tone, "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him.

☞ A politician boasted that he could tell any kind of wine or liquor, blindfold, merely by the taste. He was tried with one kind after another, and readily named them. At last a glass of water was handed him. He tasted it, hesitated, tasted it again, smelled it, retasted it, and then said, "I give it up. That's a brand of liquor I never got hold of before."

At Dickens's Sale.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

A large dingy room in King street, St. James's, hung round with soiled green baize, the haunt of brokers and speculators, has been of late the scene of two most interesting events—the sale of the manuscripts of Walter Scott, and of the effects of Charles Dickens. The former incident has now become too remote for notice, and was in itself less noteworthy upon public grounds; for who but a professional dealer in such treasures, or a man of exceptionally large means, could afford to purchase the original Waverly, the autograph Rob Roy? The great majority of spectators could only "look and long," and, we may add, sigh for shame! For why, in the case of acknowledged masterpieces of Literature, should not the nation make itself, by purchase, possessed of that which has covered it with honor? The public money has been spent by tens of thousands upon art-specimens of "the old masters," about the authenticity of which—to judge by the disputations that arise concerning them—there is always more or less of doubt; not to mention that, in many cases, the appreciation of the pictures themselves requires "an education," which may, after all, be a perversion of the understanding. But, with respect to the most precious monuments of our national literature, our rulers take no heed of them, or grudge the few hundreds that would be necessary to secure them to our posterity forever. It would doubtless raise a smile to hint that the great foundation of Trinity College, Cambridge, is principally interesting to the great mass of Englishmen from the fact of its possessing the original manuscript of Lycidas; but we firmly believe it to be the case. And yet Lycidas, master-poem though it be, is a small thing, so far as the national affection is concerned, compared with other works which our countrymen not only admire but delight in, the manuscripts of which have gone no man knows whither.

If, among the "effects" at dead Dickens's sale, the autograph manuscript of Pickwick had been included—a book we instance not as his best, but because it was the work whereby he first took that world by storm of which he held calm possession till the end, as though it were not a challenge plate, of which a hundred competitors were yearning to deprive him—we verily believe that it would have sold for its weight in gold. But the property in question comprised no such treasure. It was composed of certain pictures, water-color drawings, and objects of art—all of which, with a few exceptions, fell far short of the first class, and probably offered but a poor contrast in themselves to the contents of the last catalogue that had been handed about in the same room, or to any of those "desirable properties" of "gentlemen of taste recently deceased," which Messrs. Christie and Manson are instructed every day to bring to the hammer. And here, at the outset, let it be stated that it was by Mr. Dickens's express desire that this sale took place. In the (temporary) silence of detraction, and amid the hush of a genuine national sorrow, there has been heard a complaint against the great novelist's representatives that they should have permitted his goods to be put up at auction, and the private treasures of his home to be scattered through the land. But Charles Dickens was far too free-handed and generous a man to die rich: his heirs, he well knew, could ill afford to keep in their possession that which, if resigned to other hands, might—and, as the event proved, did—realise a fortune in itself. Moreover, as for the so-called "objects of art"—mere household treasures—we (who knew him well) can easily believe that it was his desire that those who loved him from afar, and might not so much as have seen his face, should have the chance to take away with them, if they would, to their own homes some relic, however trifling, of him who, above all men, has striven to make home a sacred word with them. If there had been seven hundred of these objects, instead of seventy (as there were), there would have been eager purchasers for all. The sums which even the smallest of them realized were so enormous, so out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth, that no slender purse could compass them; and many a would-be purchaser went sorrowfully away, lamenting that the Rich prize the memory of Charles Dickens almost as much as his own Poor.

The assemblage was even more motley than might have been expected on such an occasion, and included all degrees of men and women—there being a far greater proportion of the latter than are usually found in such scenes. A few fashionables—notwithstanding that the great "baby match"* at Lord's was going on—here and there sprinkled the crowd, which was of materials singularly unlike those which generally go to make up an auction audience. There was the art-collector, of course, and—a very different (and indifferent) character—the art-speculator: the man of taste, who comes to criticise, and not to buy: the man who comes to buy at all events, and independently of the object; and the man who wishes to buy, but is too nervous to bid. The Jew broker, of course, was there, as elsewhere (and how significantly he tapped his nose at the prices!): the old gentleman who starts the bidding for the one thousand pound picture with half-a-crown, and puffs with relief when the responsibility is taken out of his mouth: the strong-minded woman, who comes with her husband, and refrigerates him with a whisper when he gets heated by rivalry, and but for her would ejaculate "*and* a 'art, *and* a 'art" till he was a beggar. The nervous country curate, who hangs his head, for fear he should be supposed to bid anything, and has the set of drawing-room curtains, late the property of Mr. Bullion, knocked down to him at three hundred guineas, when he comes up half-suffocated, and with a natural anxiety in his countenance, which is mistaken by the auctioneer for an advance of "five." All these were there; but with them mingled, and outnumbered them, faces evidently quite unaccustomed to the scene, and only interested in the particular event of the day. These were chiefly of the lower-middle class—the last, perhaps, of all classes to feel the subtle spell of genius—come to do homage to him who had often shaken their fat sides with mirth, and sometimes even drawn their tardy tears. Mrs. Gamp, who of all persons was the very last we should have expected to see present, was nevertheless to be beheld in person, brandishing her umbrella and pattens (for the day was wet), and making much the same sensation among her neighbors as a windmill in motion, or a scythed chariot. She "put out" even good-natured Mrs. Jarley, who had come up from the country—having leisure, through her waxworks being melted by the heat—to buy, if it should chance to go "anyway reasonable," Mr. Topham's picture of her old friend Little Nell. You might, in short, have picked out a score of the dead writer's own creations from the crowd, who had come to honor his memory, or to pay it an involuntary tribute in the coin of curiosity. If he were here himself, was the idea that naturally suggested itself, how admirably would *he* have pictured all these people!

The officiating auctioneer opened proceedings without much preface—perhaps he had Mr. Sapsea in his mind—and the sale began. It would be invidious to mention particular "lots;" but it was clear from the outset that the public were resolved to let nothing slip, however intrinsically valueless, without a struggle. The first that had any direct association with the Man himself—a little picture of the Britannia, the vessel in which he made his first visit to America—evoked a fierce contention, and eventually produced the large bid of 105 guineas; for the next picture, an infinitely superior one, by the same artist (Stanfield), but which had no such personal interest attaching to it, realised, on the other hand, a much smaller sum. A water-color drawing by Sir David Wilkie, presented to the great novelist by the artist himself—a sketch for the Cotter's Saturday Night—brought 130 guineas; while Little Nell and her Grandfather in the Tent, making bouquets for the Racecourse, fetched 275. A most humorous little picture, Mrs. F.'s aunt, from Little Dorrit, not much larger than the palm of one's hand, had excited our own modest desires, and we fondly hoped to become possessed of it; but others had entertained the same design with better means for its accomplishment, and it was knocked down, after a sharp struggle, for sixty guineas. Webster's Brimstone and Treacle scene at Dotheboy's Hall, though but a cabinet picture, fetched 510 guineas; and Dolly Varden, by Frith—a real masterpiece—no less a sum than a thousand—a consummation that was received with cheers. Both these were painted (as indeed were most of the pictures) expressly for the great novelist, and in that circumstance, in their subjects, and in the reputation of their respective painters, possessed a threefold attraction.

Presently a very large picture by Stanfield, representing the Eddystone Light-house—with so fine a sea on that it caused Mr. Sapsea to observe that he who purchased it need scarce take his family to the coast this autumn—was disrobed of the baize that concealed it. This piece had been painted in illustration of Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of the Light-house, in which Mr. Dickens so distinguished himself as an actor; and the remembrance of his success upon the boards seemed to awake a new enthusiasm for the versatile genius that was never to charm us afresh. The work was knocked down for 990 guineas. A picture in similar illustration of the Frozen Deep, and one of A Man-of-War, both, like the first, "presented by the artist," realized between them 825 guineas. So that this friendly gift from artist to author, made precious by the magic of association, represented a princely present of more than thirteen hundred pounds. Neither Giver nor Recipient were men to weigh the offerings of Friendship by the money value, but such bids would certainly have astonished them both.

There was great excitement when Maclise's great picture of Dickens, painted in 1839, and presented to him by his publisher on the completion of Nicholas Nickleby, was placed before the crowd. But, alas! how few were left who could have recognized the Man as he then looked! We had most of us been used to a very different Charles Dickens, not so handsome, perhaps, but with a more thought-worn face than this, and eyes of such an intense and earnest significance, as could only be the fruit of a long experience of human life, and sympathy with its joys and woes. Mr. Maclise's picture fetched the comparatively small sum of 660 guineas.

When the pictures had been disposed of—the prices of which, of course, put them out of the reach of the general public—the enthusiasm of the audience became positive fanaticism. The biddings for every little trinket were incessant, and broke from all parts of the room, like crackers; it may give some idea of the prices realized, when we say that a little matchbox of walnut-wood—which could not at the most have cost five shillings—sold for five guineas; and much the same proportion was preserved throughout. To see the astonished grin upon the face of the auctioneer's porter as he held up each article in view of the excited crowd, was a study which the great Master of Humor (the old wine of whose wit has intoxicated us all) would not have failed to have "made a note of." The thing was evidently incomprehensible to this personage. He would have sold the True Cross by the foot without the smallest interest in the object; and these fancy prices for the "decorative objects late the property of a gentleman deceased," seemed to tickle him amazingly. There was a common gong on a deal stand, which was sold for a sum that so took his breath clean away that he could scarcely remove the article. He did not know—how should he?—what hospitable memories its sound awakened in many ears there present; that when he struck it, he evoked for some a knell! Whosoever was its purchaser, it will never summon guests more punctually than it did in the old days at Gad's Hill.

Even the general public had their reasons for wishing to possess this barbarous instrument. "He was always fond of gongs," says one of them in my ear (as if we were brothers, though we had never spoken before); "don't you remember the weak-eyed young man and the gong at Dr. Blimber's?" Of course I remembered. "Five guineas, ten guineas, twenty guineas, thirty guineas, *thirty-one guineas!*—going, going, *gong!*"

But the most moving scene of all was when we saw his favorite raven—the Grip of Barnaby Rudge, and of all the world—the very bird which, when it was alive, he must have stroked and fed with his own hands; the actual model which sat for one of his own characters; we could hardly have been more excited if there had been presented to us the original of Sam Weller stuffed!

Seriously, the power of genius could scarce have been more strikingly exhibited than in the rapturous cheers which hailed the appearance of this unprepossessing bird. "Grip, Grip, Grip, Grip," burst forth from all sides, as though the poor creature could really hear them call him. His sayings, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil," and "Never say die," were freely quoted. It was narrated how he had perished from "a swallowing in splinters a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing." Fifty pounds! Sixty, seventy, a hundred pounds!—at which gigantic bid there was a storm of applause. The spectacle of this stuffed bird, value perhaps five shillings, going at this enormous price, irresistibly reminded one of the old ditty:

O what a story the papers have been telling us
About this little animal of mighty price!
Who would have thought, but an auctioneer, of selling us
For near two hundred guineas, &c.

But the Tortoise-shell Tom Cat who was the hero of that ballad had been at least alive, whereas poor Grip was but a stuffed bird. He was purchased at last, amid a whirlwind of applause, for £120. "Name, name!" cried the crowd, eager to know who was the enthusiast; and immensely disgusted they were to find that he was connected with the Stereoscopic Company. And yet the circumstance, though an indirect, in place of a direct, tribute to the genius of "Grip's" master, was even a greater proof of his popularity, since the purchaser intended to trade upon it, and evidently felt confident of seeing his money back.

There was one "Lot" more with a personal interest belonging to it, the six Pickwick Ladies, presented to Mr. Dickens on the completion of that work. The handle of each formed a silver gilt figure, representing the following characters: Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Jingle, Mr. Winkle, Sam Weller, Old Weller, and the Fat Boy. They were but of the size of toddy-spoons, and could have possessed small intrinsic value, yet they realized very large prices; the proportions of which curiously illustrated the position which the various characters occupied in the public estimation. Mr. Winkle's counterfeit presentment fetched £23; Mr. Jingle's, £30; the Fat Boy, £34; Old Weller, £51; the admirable Sam, £64 (and *how* we cheered him!); and the beaming Mr. Pickwick himself, £69. This concluded the proceedings; but as the assemblage rose, Mr. Sapsea, with admirable presence of mind, exclaimed: "Why, we have forgotten the case!" and the old worn casket, in which the ladies had for so many years reposed, was held up, smartly contended for, and knocked down for we know not how many guineas.

No living Englishman for certain, and perhaps no Englishman of the Future, will ever see such a sale again.

*A term applied by jealous grown-up cricketers to the yearly contest between Harrow and Eton.

"I Have Stopped Your Paper."

The following anecdote is decidedly suggestive:

Many years ago, Mr. Swain, the editor of the Public Ledger, was hailed at the corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, by a very excited individual, who informed him, in the most emphatic terms, "I have stopped your paper, sir," and proceeded to explain the why and wherefore, all the time gesticulating wildly. "My gracious, sir, you don't say so. Come with me to the office, and let us see if we cannot remedy the matter. It grieves me that any one should stop my paper."

Arriving at the office, Mr. Swain said, "Why, my dear sir, everything seems to be going on here as usual; I thought you had stopped my paper." Then and there the excited gentleman whom the long walk had by that time partly cooled, said that he had stopped taking his "one copy" of the Public Ledger. Mr. Swain was profuse in his apologies for having misunderstood the meaning of his late subscriber's words, and regretted that he had given him the tramp from Eighteenth street to Third. The gentleman went on his way home, a wiser if not a better man. Before he left, however, he ordered that the Ledger be still sent to his address.

Alcohol.

Dr. Parkes, of London, has been experimenting on a healthy soldier to find the effects of alcohol. He had him first take no alcohol for six days; then for six days he took, in divided doses, from one to eight ounces of pure alcohol; then water for six days; and then for three days twelve ounces of fine brandy, containing 48 per cent. of alcohol. The effect in modifying weight was quite inappreciable. Alcohol produced little effect on the temperature of the system, though slightly raising it. The pulse was materially affected, rising from 77.5 before alcohol to 94.7 after the largest doses. Estimating the normal daily work of the ventricles of the heart as equivalent to the lifting of 122 tons a foot, it was found that during the alcoholic period the heart was compelled to lift an access of 15.8 tons, and during the last two days of 24 tons. Their conclusion was that it was utterly useless in health, and positively injurious in larger quantities than two ounces daily. There seem to be indicated an advantage in its use if employed in rousing a feeble appetite, exciting a feeble heart, and accelerating a languid capillary circulation.

WITH respect to Mr. Dickens's family it may be news to many to hear that he had ten children (eight of whom are living,) namely two daughters and eight sons. Of the sons, one is in the Royal Navy, and now stationed at Valparaiso, one in India, and two sheep-farming in Australia, near Melbourne. The youngest of the sons is at college, and the eldest is now conductor of All the Year Round. Of the daughters one is married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins. She is the heroine of Millais's famous painting of the "Black Brunswicker." The unmarried daughter, like Miss Thackeray, is a novelist of more than average talent, her best known works being "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," and "Veronica." The best and largest photographs of Dickens were taken in America, and a large supply of them has been sent to England

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FOR the thousandth time a paragraph is journeying through the journals, informing the ignorant that the word "News" is compounded from the initials of the four principal points of the compass thus: N. E. W. S. It is a pretty conjecture, only it has not a morsel of foundation. "News," is simply a plural constructed from "New," and "New" comes to us regularly from the Latin "*Novus.*" The old Latin for "News" was "*Res Novæ,*" and the word reaches us, merely changed in spelling and pronunciation, through the medium of the Southern and Western dialects. That we are reminded of it by the points of the compass, is only one of those philological accidents which are continually leading ingenious people astray, and which have especially occasioned numberless blunders in regard to the origin of surnames.

☞ Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own outlook, remind one of the Hindu maxim: "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe."

About Canning Fruit.

So much has been said about preserving fruit in air-tight cans or jars, that we are surprised that the inquiries still come for descriptions of the process. As our circle of readers widens, it each year includes new ones who do not seem to have practisedt his admirable household economy. Only a short time ago a letter came from Africa, saying that the writer had seen peaches from America put up in a thin liquid, and asking if we could find out how it was done. In our own families the canning of fruit is a matter of course, and we advise all who have never tried it to do so at once; they will be sure to keep up the practice afterwards.

THE PRINCIPLE should be understood, in order to work intelligently. The fruit is preserved by placing it in a vessel from which the external air is entirely excluded. This is effected by surrounding the fruit by liquid, and by the use of heat to rarify and expel the air that may be entangled in the fruit or lodged in its pores. The preservation does not depend upon sugar, though enough of this is used in the liquid which covers the fruit to make it palatable. The heat answers another purpose; it destroys the ferment which fruits naturally contain, and as long as they are kept from contact with the external air they do not decompose.

THE VESSELS in which fruits are preserved are tin, glass, and earthenware. Tin is used at the factories where large quantities are put up for commerce, but is seldom used in families, as more skill in soldering is required than most persons possess. Besides, the tins are not generally safe to use more than once. Glass is the preferable material, as it is readily cleaned and allows the interior to be frequently inspected. Any kind of bottle or jar that has a mouth wide enough to admit the fruit and that can be securely stopped, positively air-tight—which is much closer than water-tight—will answer. Jars of various patterns and patents are made for the purpose, and are sold at the crockery and grocery stores. These have wide mouths, and a glass or metallic cap which is made to fit very tightly by an India-rubber ring between the metal and the glass. The devices for these caps are numerous, and much ingenuity is displayed in inventing them. We have used several patterns without much difference in success, but have found there was some difference in the facility with which the jars could be opened and closed. The best are those in which atmospheric pressure helps the sealing, and where the sole dependence is not upon screws or clamps. To test a jar, light a slip of paper and hold it within it. The heat of the flame will expand the air and drive out a portion of it. Now put on the cap; when the jar becomes cool the air within will contract, and the pressure of the external air should hold the cover on so firmly that it cannot be pulled off without first letting in air by pressing aside the rubber or by such other means as is provided in the construction of the jar. When regular fruit jars are not used, good corks and cement must be provided.

CEMENT is made by melting 1½ oz. of tallow with 1 lb. rosin. The stiffness of the cement may be governed by the use of more or less tallow. After the jar is corked, tie a piece of stout drilling over the mouth. Dip the cloth on the mouth of the jar into the melted cement, rub the cement on the cloth with a stick to break up the bubbles, and leave a close covering.

THE PROCESS.—Everything should be in readiness, the jars clean, the covers well-fitted, the fruit picked over or otherwise prepared, and cement and corks, if these are used, at hand. The bottles or jars are to receive a very hot liquid, and they must be gradually warmed beforehand, by placing warm water in them, to which boiling water is gradually added. Commence by making a syrup in the proportion of a pound of white sugar to a pint of water, using less sugar if this quantity will make the fruit too sweet. When the syrup boils, add as much fruit as it will cover, let the fruit heat in the syrup gradually, and when it comes to a boil ladle it into the jars or bottles which have been warmed as above directed. Put in as much fruit as possible, and then add the syrup to fill up all the interstices among the fruit; then put on the cover or insert the stopper as soon as possible. Have a cloth at hand dampened in hot water to wipe the necks of the jars. When one lot has been bottled, proceed with more, adding more sugar and water if more syrup is required. Juicy fruits will diminish the syrup much less than others. When the bottles are cold, put them away in a cool, dry, and dark place. Do not tamper with the covers in any way. The bottles should be inspected every day for a week or so, in order to discover if any are imperfect. If fermentation has commenced, bubbles will be seen in the syrup, and the covers will be loosened. If taken at once, the contents may be saved by thoroughly reheating. Another way to prepare a syrup and allow it to cool. Place the fruit in the bottles, cover with the syrup and then set the bottles nearly up to their rims in a boiler of cold water. Some wooden slats should be placed at the bottom of the boiler to keep the bottles from contact with it. The water in the boiler is then heated and kept boiling until the fruit in the bottles is thoroughly heated through, when the covers are put on, and the bottles allowed to cool. It is claimed that the flavor of the fruit is better preserved in this way than by the other.

WHAT MAY BE PRESERVED.—All the fruits that are used in their fresh state or for pies, etc., and Rhubarb, or Pie-plant, and Tomatoes. Green Peas, and Corn, cannot be readily preserved in families, as they require special apparatus. *Strawberries.* Hard-fleshed sour varieties, such as the Wilson, are better than the more delicate kinds. Directions for these, as well as for *Raspberries* will be found in a Basket item.

Currants need more sugar than the foregoing. *Blackberries* and *Huckleberries* are both very satisfactorily preserved, and make capital pies. *Cherries* and *Plums* need only picking over. *Peaches* need peeling and quartering. The skin may be removed from ripe peaches by scalding them in water or weak lye for a few seconds, and then transferring them to cold water. Some obtain a strong peach flavor by boiling a few peach-meats in the syrup. We have had peaches keep three years, and were then better than those sold at the stores. *Pears* are pared and halved, or quartered, and the core removed. The best, high-flavored and melting varieties only should be used. Coarse baking pears are unsatisfactory. *Apples.* Very few put up these. Try some high-flavored ones, and you will be pleased with them. *Quinces.* There is a great contrast between quinces preserved in this way and those done up in the old way of pound for pound. They do not become hard, and they remain of a fine light color. *Tomatoes* require cooking longer than the fruits proper. Any intelligent person who understands the principle upon which fruit is preserved in this way, will soon find the mechanical part easy of execution and the results satisfactory.—*American Agriculturist.*

Chinese in California.

BY GEORGIANA B. KIRBY.

The utter faithfulness behind your back, manifested by these heathens, is something wonderful for a Christian to contemplate. To a house servant you explain what you want done, or, if necessary, do it yourself once before him; after that it will be attended to in the same way every day for years, whether you are present or absent; and yet John is not wanting in inventive powers, as the histories would have us believe; he can improvise a dinner or supper out of such provisions as are found in closet or larder, and place it on the table in better shape than any other man or woman this country affords, and the scrupulous neatness, order and cleanliness of his kitchen work is proverbial.

They never waste their employer's time or material. Economy is their forte: and it would be well if the improvident Irish Catholics could learn the lesson, which would be a foundation for the self-respect they are so deficient in. In a shoe and boot factory in San Francisco, where Chinese workmen are employed, it is noticed that they chat cheerfully and volubly during the first fifteen minutes of working, and then buckle to seriously, with no more speech till the duties of the day are over. I am told this custom of a limited social season to begin with, obtains everywhere that these people are engaged.

As a proof that the return to their native land of these men, who have been indoctrinated into our manner of life and seen the position our women occupy, (taking thus the theory of our religion at Sunday Schools, and the very imperfect practice of it in the household and state)—as a proof, I say, that their return is for the highest good of their country, and therefore of the world, I must tell you of one man, who for three years did all the marketing, cooking, washing, and general housework for a family of five or six, and in the evening studied until he had attained a fair knowledge of American history and American ideas—avowing the while his intention to return and instruct his countrymen in liberal religious ideas and social customs. At the end of the time mentioned, he procured (a second missionary genius was not to be expected) for the lady another servant, and, having initiated him into the ways of the household, departed for the Flowery Kingdom, where I firmly believe he is to-day doing good service in the cause of true progress.

Now, as to the ten cents a day theory. Whatever they may have been obliged to endure in overpopulated China, they have, be sure, no intention of repeating the experience here. In the kitchen last evening Ah Chin—who had just finished his supper of omelet, custard pudding and strawberries, with English (?) breakfast tea to wash it down—informed me that "Six dollars week no good; seven dollars good. Much wash, much cook, you tell Mr. K—— he no give seven dollar you get another boy one week." And in reply to my remark that I liked him, and should be sorry to have him go, he coolly observed, "Yes, yes, me likee you too, like stay here, *seven dollars!*"

Death of Farragut.

The American people will receive with sorrow the news of the death of Admiral David G. Farragut. The mournful event took place at the residence of Commodore A. M. Pennock, at the Navy-yard, Portsmouth, N. H., on the 14th. The Admiral's death-bed was surrounded by his family and friends, and he passed away peacefully. His age was 69 years. The remains will be deposited temporarily in a vault in the Portsmouth Navy-yard until the final resting place shall be decided upon.

Admiral Farragut was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, in the year 1801. His mother, Miss Shine, was a North Carolinian of Irish extraction, and his father, George Farragut, was a Spaniard, from the Balearic Isles. George Farragut, according to the Admiral's family Bible, was born in Ciudadela, in the Island of Minorca, and in the baptismal registry of that town, under the year 1755, his name is found. As to where his grandfather came from there seems to have been some difference of opinion between the Admiral and the people of Ciudadela, when he visited Minorca in 1868. They asserted that the grandfather was a Majorcan. Of this the Admiral had never heard, but he knew that his more remote ancestors were from Catalonia or Aragon.

He entered the United States navy sixty years ago, as midshipman. Two years after, war broke out between this country and England, and gave him an opportunity for seeing active service. He served with Commodore Porter in the Essex until the capture of that vessel, when he was transferred to the line-of-battle ship Independence. In due course he passed his examination for lieutenant. He was transferred to the West India squadron. In 1847 he obtained his commission as commander of the Saratoga, 20 guns. In this vessel he took part in the Mexican war. His career in the late war is well known. Since Nelson there has not been a greater naval hero.

Hold the Reins.

We have plenty of Little Men and Little Women in America, but no Boys and Girls. Family government should be an enlightened and conscientious government, and we have made it a mob; we are so fond of our children that we mostly let them have their own way in diet, and diversions and dress; in the disposition of their time; in their demeanor toward their elders and superiors; in their morals and in their manners, which are only morals in action; until the whole land swarms with an insolent, teasing, worrying, tormenting progeny, to the increase of old bachelors and the distress of adult everybody. The weakness which engenders this indulgence does not deserve to be called Love. It is simply a weak and silly partiality for one's own, encouraged by indolence and confirmed by hurrying pursuits outside of home. The impulsive would find a remedy for this in flogging; but generally there is a better and a wiser way.

☞ Shop girls who are employed in grouping and arranging flowers are said to suffer from headache and feverishness, caused by the odor of the flowers, which they are obliged to inhale all the time.

☞ Professor George Rollestone, of Oxford, in his late book on "Forms of Animal Life," gives a new criterion by which to distinguish animals from vegetables. He says that in the case of all animals the embryo absorbs its yolk from the inside, while in vegetables the germ of seed is surrounded by its albumen. This is a remarkable foreshadowing of the way in which the adult animal or plant absorbs its food, the former by placing it within itself for digestion and assimilation, while the latter takes its food from outside.

☞ One very beautiful feature in Paris is the universal window gardening. Every window is full of scarlet geraniums, fuschias, and ivy and various vines. These windows make the plainest house attractive, and indicate refinement and a love of nature and the beautiful. In the gardens, whole beds of one-colored flower are very effective and very common. Walks in the gardens are bordered for a long distance with one kind of flower, as a border of white, thin pink, scarlet, or yellow; ivy and scarlet geraniums are everywh re. Parisians live out-doors, and they make all out-of-doors attractive.

☞ Pottowatomie City, Kansas, claims the largest percentage of increase yet developed under the census of 1870. The population of "the city," in June, 1860, consisted of the proprietor, Josephus Elsegood. In the fall of 1860, he got married, and the population of "the city" now consists of Elsegood, his wife and eight children—ten in all—an increase of nine hundred per cent.

☞ It is said of a popular lecturer that on announcing to his wife, who had her own opinion about his talents, that he was going to lecture at Sheffield, the lady replied, "At Sheffield! I am so glad; I always hated those Sheffield people."

☞ Thirty publishers and $6,000,000 capital are employed in the publishing of Sunday school literature in this country.

☞ Let one of the first acts of the next session of Congress be the total repeal of the whole Income Tax law, in which will be swept away an army of idle politicians engaged in its collection, at a cost covering a very large percentage of the revenues from it. In addition to this let the further payment of interest on so much of the bonds purchased, cancelled, and destroyed, cease. To continue to collect money from the people under a plea of paying interest on bonds, the principal of which has been paid and the bonds destroyed, with only a record remaining, is a fraud and a deception. It is not a plain, straightforward business.—*Philada. Ledger.*

☞ NEEDLEWOMEN.—Dr. Letheby, the physician of the London Board of Health, has published statistics in reference to the sanitary condition of needlewomen, from which it appears that while the mean age of women generally is 54.1 years, that of needlewomen is only 36.4. Out of 1,000 needlewomen, 438 die from consumption and 106 from fevers; out of 1,000 shopkeepers, 127 die from consumption and 37 from fevers. In 1861, it is stated there were 137,131 females in London engaged in various branches of needlework, of whom 21,000 were under 20 years of age.

☞ The Woman's Journal says:—"A fashionable dressmaker in New York urged an economical young girl, about to be married, to buy a costly wedding outfit. 'But I have no money,' said the maiden. 'No matter,' said the complaisant tempter. 'I will wait four years, and send in the bill to your husband by degrees. Many ladies do it.'"

☞ A literary contemporary explains that the frequent occurrence among the Welsh of suggestively Jewish surnames is due to the fact that it was at one time the custom among this people for the son to assume the Christian name of his father as his own surname. The son of Levi Williams took Levi for his surname, sinking the paternal Williams. In like manner arose such names as Solomon, Davids, and in a few instances even Moses, as the cognomens of undeniably Welsh families. Afterwards this practice of assuming the father's Christian name as a surname fell completely into desuetude; but it has lasted long enough to leave a very enduring mark upon Welsh family names.

☞ Experimental Philosophy—Trying to borrow an umbrella. Moral Philosophy—Refusing to lend it.

☞ Official information has been received denying that the French Government has ordered a general removal of Prussians from Paris. It has, however, required, perhaps, one hundred and fifty to leave that city, for the reason that they violated the privilege of domicil by unfriendly demonstrations against the French.

☞ A one-armed newspaper carrier in Everett, Mass., has, at odd times, built himself a two-story French-roofed house, 26 feet by 32. All the work was done by him except raising the frame, setting the door and window frames and the plastering. Who says one-armed men *must* grind hand organs for a living?

☞ To ascertain the weight of a horse, put your toe under the animal's feet.

☞ Pleasant Checks in Life—Bank checks.

☞ In Nevada a contemplative Digger Indian sat watching a party of base-ball players, who seemed to him to be working very hard. Turning to one of them, he asked "How much you get one day?"

☞ An editor of one of the New York magazines lately sent back his tailor's bill accompanied by a neatly printed slip informing the tailor that his MS. was "respectfully declined." Force of habit. The mistake was not discovered until the next day. The tailor discovered it.

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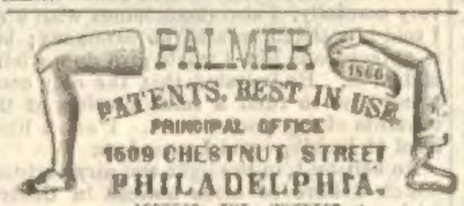

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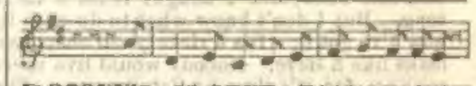

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Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.

One package	$1.00	Postage 6 cents.
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It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.

TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Popular Summer Resort.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

About the middle of May last, I received a letter from my old friend Bill J——, of Vermont, requesting to see me on particular business. I thought I'd go, for I longed to look upon his dear old face again—and he offered to pay my expenses besides.

I found Bill waiting for me at the depot, and glad to see me. The old chap still looks intellectual, and can get away with his three square meals a day in a style that defies competition.

"Well, my boy, what business do you want me on?" said I, as I stretched myself luxuriantly on the door-mat in Bill's elegantly-furnished cellar kitchen, and watched the smoke as it curled lazily upward from my fragrant short-six, which was imported by Bill, directly from Havana, at a dollar and a quarter a hundred.

"It's this," he replied. "You remember that old Tarbox house over to C——, don't you?"

I told him I did.

"Well," he went on, "it was sold at auction last week, and I bought it for a mere song. But I don't know what to do with it, now I've got it. It's a rickety old coop, and leaks like a sieve. Nobody would live there anyhow, for it's close by Oat Swamp. The last family died off in about a year and a half. 'Spozen I fix it up a little, and advertise it as a 'Popular Summer Resort,' setting forth its superior advantages in very large type: 'pure water,' 'invigorating climate,' and all that sort of thing. Do you think 'twould pay?"

"It would," I replied, "if you only charge big prices enough."

"I can put on a cheap piazza," continued Bill, "raise it a story, and double the number of rooms by running a partition through each one. If I remember right, there's an old mill-pond close by. That will do for the 'elegant lake with unrivalled scenery,' and a couple of old pung-boats will furnish the 'numerous facilities for enjoying the rare fishing which abounds in this locality."

"But there ain't a fish within twenty miles," said I.

"Of course there ain't—but this is only the advertisement; and now I want you to help me get it up."

So we went to work, and in a short time produced the following:—

COUNTRY BOARD.

The famous resort known as

TARBOX VILLA,

is now open to the public for the summer season. It has been noted for years for its wonderfully pure air, exquisite landscapes and general healthfulness; can accommodate any number of guests; is seven stories high, and room for more. The hotel is supplied with two marble-topped washstands in every room—together with twenty-five pianos, for the use of guests. Every room is carpeted two inches thick, with carpeting manufactured by Mr. Brussels himself. Troupes of French and English servants glide noiselessly about, anticipating the guests' slightest wish. The view from the piazza is exquisitely beautiful, rivalling in gorgeous splendor the far-famed fairy lands of the East, or the transformation scene in the Black Crook. The eye takes in thousands of verdure-clad hills, from whose summits can be seen hundreds of prosperous farms, and thriving villages, with their church spires glistening in the sun.

THE FISHING

is immense. At Crystal Lake, within ten minutes' walk of the hotel, thousands of trout gambol slyly about, and by their fascinating wiles tempt the angler from his elegant easy-chair in the gentleman's sitting-room. There are also plenty of other beautiful lakes close by, in whose transparent depths the finny tribe largely congregate.

THE BOATING

is unrivalled. In addition to numerous small crafts, the proprietors have lately purchased two superb yachts, which speed the waters like a thing of life, filled with laughing groups of beautiful and accomplished ladies.

OTHER AMUSEMENTS

are abundant, including horseback riding. The honest farmers in this locality lend their horses, and refuse to take any pecuniary consideration.

"Now about the healthy climate," said Bill, "don't we want to make that rather strong? A good many people are down on east winds, you know."

"Some like 'em," said I.

"I know it," he replied, "and so I don't know what to say. 'Spozen I say, 'East winds never blow in this climate, except by special request of the guests?'"

But we finally concluded to have it this way:—

The climate here is unusually healthy. The only funeral for the past ten years is the case of a man who fell from a meeting-house steeple, and was instantly killed. There are no east winds here, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember a north-east storm.

"Is that all?" inquired Bill.

"No," said I; "you must have in something about its being a resort for invalids. A mineral spring, or patent bath, or something of that sort, would do the business."

"Well," said he, "how's this?"

There is one of the finest mineral springs in the United States close by the house. It has already cured thousands of sufferers, afflicted with every known disease; and some who never drank water at all, now hanker for this.

Large numbers of invalids come here every summer, and go away rejoicing in health restored. Some come fearfully emaciated and hobbling on crutches, who, in a week's time, throw away their crutches, and play leap-frog to take down their fat.

"That will do," I replied. And now let's wind up by—

HOW TO GET TO TARBOX VILLA.

All the respectable railroads in the country run, without change of cars, direct to Tarbox Villa, through one of the most imposing landscapes on this continent.

The last time I heard from Bill, his house was full, and he was making money hand over fist. People with elegant, airy mansions in the best portions of our great city, were flocking down to this den of his, because they were humbugged by this newspaper advertisement. Some stay because they are ashamed to acknowledge it by returning; and others, who stay three or four days to recover from their horrible journey through gulleys and over stumps, are by that time so reduced by the climate, mosquitos, and bedbugs, that they can't get away for a month at least; and when they finally do go they don't expose this, as they'd ought to—for when a person gets humbugged he generally keeps still about it, in hopes others will get humbugged to. But it's too bad, and I'm really sorry that I helped Bill on.—*True Flag.*

TOO BAD.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—"Aw! Miss Cavendish, do you know they've had a Juvenile Party before the Ball?"

MISS C.—"Oh! then I suppose your Mamma is letting you stop a little later this evening?"

My Turkish Bath.

It happened to be eleven o'clock some time during yesterday forenoon.

I generally take something at that hour.

Yesterday I took a Turkish Bath.

I took a horse-car. (That, however, neither here nor there; but it got within two blocks of there at 11.25.) I ran up the steps of the T. B. establishment, and wired the inmates. The door flew open, and an ideal voter, erst a chattel (I hope I am not obscure in this deeply interesting portion of the narrative) pointed his thumb over his shoulder, displayed a choice assortment of ivory, and chuckled with great natural ease. I supposed this to be a custom with the colored population of Turkey, and passed on.

Everything was Turkish. I was struck with the order of the bath; also the scimetary of the apartments. As I think I before remarked I passed on.

The M. D. proprietor shook hands with me very cordially. I also shook hands with him. I told him that I wanted no ceremony; but if agreeable to him I would gird up my loins and go in. He imitated that the only ceremony was to fund a small portion of the contents of my pocket-book. I am a little hard of hearing—and I passed on.

An assistant, in the light and airy costume which I have so often noticed in Central Africa, in midsummer, beckoned to me, after I had laid aside a quantity of goods (belonging to my tailor, and other down-town business men,) and I followed him.

The room we entered was heated by what I took to be a successful furnace. I must have been mistaken, however, for I understood the assistant to apologize because, by reason of a defect in the flues, they had been able to get the temperature up only to about 475 degrees that morning. I was a little disappointed, but simply suggested that the thermometer was Fair in Height; but if I felt chilly I would send out for some blankets.

He laid me on a slatted couch.

I experienced a gentle glow.

Afterwards, (I don't know why, exactly, I have always attributed it to the temparature,) I felt hot—hotter—Hottentotter! It seemed as though the equator ran right along the line of my back-bone.

I didn't care.

I couldn't recollect whether my name was Shadrach, Meshack, or Abednego; but I was baking and sizzling just as furiously as though I had paid in advance. My pores were opening and the perspiration was immense. A red bandanna handkerchief would have been swamped.

Waiting till my identity was pretty much gone, I dropped into another marble hall. The assistant (to whom my warmest thanks are due) scooped up what was left of me and laid me on a slab.

The assistant said I needed him, but to the best of my recollection, he kneaded me. He went all over me, taking up a collection, and did first-rate. I threw off all reserve—about half a pound, I should judge. He seemed to take a fancy to me. I never knew a man to get so intimate on short acquaintance.

We talked rationally on a good many subjects.

He said he barely got a living there. I was surprised. I supposed he managed to scrape together a good deal in the course of a year.

He said he wanted to go into some wholesale house. I ventured to predict that success awaited him in the rubber business. In fact, we kept up quite a stream of conversation, which he supplemented with a hose that played over me in a gentle, leisurely manner, as if I were fully insured.

He then shoved me into a deep water tank where the "Rules for Restoring Persons Apparently Drowned" whizzed through my mind, and I came very near forgetting that I didn't know how to swim. I managed, however to fish myself out in season to observe a bald-headed Ananias, who murmured that he had been laid upon the table and should take a peel!

I came out to the drying-room, and made them think I was General Grant, by calling for a cigar. I drank a cup of coffee. After a while I rattled into my clothes and felt better. So much so that I did what I seldom do, walked clean home.

If I live to be ninety-eight years old, and am pensioned by Congress, the explanation which I shall give to the country at large is that it is due to that Turkish Bath. I can't tell you what I owe to it.—[Sparrsfield Young, in *Punchinello*.

Presence of Mind.

There are few things which are less understood than the nature of presence of mind. It has been supposed by some to be mainly the result of a cool and lymphatic temperament. By others it has been supposed to be mainly the result of fearlessness. But these are mistakes. A single example will almost suffice to verify the foregoing statements. The first Napoleon possessed, in a very high degree, this great quality of presence of mind. It is probable that he possessed it in a much higher degree than any man in his army. But he had by no means a cool and lymphatic temperament. On the contrary, he was of a very excitable and irritable nature, as most great men are apt to be. Again, it would be a very bold thing to say, that he was more fearless than any man in his army. Doubtless there were many men as fearless as he.

We must look, therefore, for other causes. I say "causes," because any manifestation of human character is the result, in general, of several causes. But if there is one predominant cause, it is hopefulness. There are also minor causes of much importance. Men differ very much in the swiftness of their thinking. Men differ still more in their habits of concentrating thought, and relieving their attention from extraneous matters. But great proficiency in swiftness of thinking, and in concentrating thought, would not give presence of mind, unless there were hopefulness.

For a man to have presence of mind he must be sure of these three things, that in any difficulty or emergency there is always something to be done, that this something may be made the best thing to be done, and, lastly, that there is nearly always time in which to do it.

I will give a singular illustration of this—one which I have used before, but which I cannot do without on the present occasion. To all those who have studied the ways of serpents, it is known that these reptiles cannot spring at you when they are in a state of coil; they must uncoil themselves before they can make their spring upon you. Now, a man who knows this fact in natural history, if he should come upon a coiled serpent which raises its head, and, as the man sees, means battle, this man will have presence of mind, because he has reason for hope that there is time for him to do something. Accordingly it is worth his while to think; and, so inconceivably rapid are the processes of thought, that he has time to think that it is worth his while to think. Shall he move to the right, or the left? Shall he endeavor to get to that tree? Shall he fire his revolver? If the man did not know that he had time to think, he would give himself up to despair; and, like a frog or a rabbit, stupidly await the spring of his enemy.

In this particular case the hope is born of knowledge; but in any man who is concerned in great affairs, and who requires much presence of mind, there should be a hopefulness, not depending upon knowledge—a *habit* of hopefulness arising from the fact that hopefulness generally carries the day. He should look upon all dangers and difficulties as coiled serpents, which, by their nature, must uncoil, and give him some time before they can spring upon you.

At least, there is something comforting in the foregoing view, because, if true, it shows that presence of mind is a thing which may, to a certain extent, be acquired. We have been led a long way out of the usual road when we have come to the conclusion that presence of mind mainly depends upon hopefulness—in fact, upon a sanguine temperament, but perhaps it may not be a wrong way.

Mr. Emerson quotes a conversation of Napoleon with Las Cases, in which the great conqueror remarked, "As to moral courage, I have rarely met with the two-o'clock-in-the-morning kind; I mean unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion; and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision; and he did not hesitate to declare that he was himself eminently endowed with this two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, and that he had met with few persons equal to himself in this respect. The reader will see that, if I am right in the foregoing analysis of presence of mind, Napoleon is wrong in attributing it to courage. But men seldom analyze carefully the qualities which they possess largely. Familiarity with these qualities of theirs renders them dull in the analysis of them.

AGRICULTURAL.

Mischievous Old Errors.

In the midst of change, improvement, reform, quite a number of questionable old notions continue to be followed, even now when the very erroneous character of some of them has been generally acknowledged. Of this character is the rigid adherence of a majority of drivers of horses to that useless and injurious relic of old times, the *check rein*. Its use with draught horses is positively cruel. When a horse is drawing a heavy load, and particularly "up hill," he needs the utmost freedom of lungs and wind, and this he can never have with a tight check rein. That the check rein prevents a horse from stumbling is more than doubtful; on the contrary, by elevating his eyes, it prevents him from seeing clearly where to place his foot. When a horse does stumble, he is far less likely to go down when his head is left free. In England, where they are far ahead of us in everything pertaining to horses, the check rein has been abolished; the last surrender being that of the artillery and commissariat trains of the British army, the change having been made by Sir George Burgoyne, the Commander-in-Chief, and he testifies to the beneficial effects attending it. In New York city, thanks to Mr. Bergh, many of the finest equipages are driven without the check rein, and a few humane people have thrown it out of use here. The old-fashioned "blinkers," or blind-halters, are also useless, if not positively injurious, by coming in contact with, and rubbing the lids of the horse's eyes; and many experienced horsemen long ago came to the conclusion that horses are more easily alarmed by what they hear and *do not see*, because being intelligent animals, if they can fully see the objects, which when unseen, or imperfectly seen, tend to frighten them, they are more readily calmed.

Another popular error, which bears hard on the horse, is the custom of making the axles of conveyances of all sorts of one uniform width. This custom is of ancient date, and it has caused great detriment to our public highways, both in town and country. It is not, perhaps, saying too much to assert that the uniform adherence to it has cost our Highway Department for the last fifty years hundreds of thousands of dollars. Had there been a latitude or play of from ten to twelve or fourteen inches in the tread of the wheels, especially in carts and wagons, it would have been impossible to have cut our pavements into the ruts we now see, and which renders hauling so difficult along our streets and roads. Like the Conestoga wagons of the last generation, with their broad tires, a difference in the width of our axles would have improved rather than damaged our highways, and we should not see them cut into alternating ridges and ruts, as so many of them are now.—*Phil. Ledger.*

Save the Hen Manure.

The value of this article as a fertilizer is very generally overlooked. In most cases, it is allowed to go to waste. The hens roost on trees, or fences, or some out-door place, where their droppings cannot be gathered up, and in numerous instances, when this is not the case, the accumulation of their department is looked upon as a nuisance hard to be endured. But occasionally we find one who knows its value. The following, given by a correspondent, is in point. Says he:

"I have a field of corn which grew very slowly, and the prospect for a crop was very discouraging. A neighbor offered me the droppings in his hen roost. His offer was gladly accepted, and two large wagon loads of manure was the result. This was liberally applied, a handful to a hill, as far as it would go. Two weeks after this application, there was a great difference between the manured and unmanured portion; the manured part was much larger than the yellow, sick looking unmanured portion. At length, many good farmers expressed great wonder at the vast difference between the two portions. The part manured yielded three times as much as the unmanured per acre, and of much superior quality."

We have corresponding testimony from other sources relative to the value of hen manure, not only for the corn crop, but also many kinds of vegetables. Its value being beyond question, it should be preserved and applied as well as other manures.—*Exchange.*

A Word to the Farmers of the United States.

There is a prospect of a terrible war in Europe, involving the destruction of millions of dollars worth of subsistence, which in peace would be saved. At the same time a wasting drought in France has shortened her crops one half, and reduced the price of her live stock to almost nothing, owing to the scarcity of forage; and the same drought, more or less disastrous in its effects, has been felt and still prevails from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

From these facts it is apparent that there will be an extraordinary demand all over Europe for the next twelve months for our surplus breadstuffs and provisions of all descriptions. We have had a splendid wheat harvest, which includes a good harvest of rye, barley and oats. Our Indian corn crop, the most important crop of the United States, is now developing itself, and the general promise is very good. We would say, however, to every farmer concerned North and South, make and save as much of this crop as possible, for by next winter the product of an acre in corn may be worth more in cash than an acre's yield in cotton. At the same time, in order to guard as far as possible against unscrupulous speculators, the Agricultural Bureau at Washington may render an important service to the country in ascertaining the amount of our products this year in wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., from reliable sources. All parties concerned, and especially consumers, will know better what to do in the work of harmonizing demand and supply in knowing upon what we have to depend in the way of a surplus of breadstuffs for exportation.

Preparation of Night Soil.

The following is a method of preparing this manure, in which its value is fully retained, while the offensive odor is effectually destroyed. We do not know to whom to credit the paragraph:—

"To every one hundred pounds of night soil add seven pounds of sulphate of lime (gypsum) in powder. A double decomposition will ensue; and the result will be, instead of sulphuret of lime and carbonate of ammonia, carbonate of lime and sulphate of ammonia, the latter a soluble salt that cannot be volatilized. It may now be mixed with other composts, or dried any way that the farmer likes, and applied to the roots of the vegetables; to be again transformed into bread, butter, cheese, etc."

THE RIDDLER.

[Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 99 letters.

My 9, 88, 4, 14, 67, 17, 55, 8, 11, a battle of the 14th century.

My 7, 26, 10, 34, 50, 13, 29, 18, 21, 57, 47, 33, 60, 2, a Scottish Chief.

My 1, 12, 71, 10, 89, 24, 16, 50, 62, 8, a group of islands.

My 43, 80, 15, 96, 49, 40, 63, 83, 9, 25, an island.

My 76, 28, 7, 30, 31, 87, 58, 99, 66, 5, a city of the United States.

My 78, 55, 24, 19, 20, 89, 36, 44, a lake in the United States.

My 84, 74, 61, 32, 56, a post.

My 22, 37, 45, 59, 43, 18, 65, 68, a county in Virginia.

My 54, 75, 64, 52, 79, 94, 35, 3, 85, a county in Virginia.

My 86, 97, 99, 2, 83, 24, 97, 91, 95, 20, 48, 61, 53, a publisher.

My 90, 34, 55, 51, 21, 39, 81, 65, a county in Virginia.

My 25, 26, 40, 70, a county in Georgia.

My 23, 96, 27, 73, a county in Missouri.

My 39, 29, 41, 11, 94, 28, a county in Virginia.

My 72, 13, 97, 50, 39, a county in Iowa.

My 92, 3, 89, 17, a cape of South America.

My whole is a quotation from one of Scott's Poems. S. A. BELER.

Trinity, La.

Metagram.

I am composed of 3 letters, and am a public notice.

Change my first, and I am a cup or vessel.

Change it again, and I am a boy's name.

Change it again, and I am much used in hot weather.

Change it again, and I am the biped that makes a fire.

Change it again, and I am a nickname for a girl.

Change it again, and I am a shallow vessel.

Change it again, and I am what many boys have done.

Change it again, and I am often seen on the hands of farmers.

Change it again, and I am the front of an army. PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Problem.

If the square root of the number of feet on my tape measure be extracted, and then brought to inches, we have an inch and a-half, to each foot on the measure. Required—the number of feet.

☞ An answer is requested.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

Conundrums.

☞ What was the first Eve-angelical alliance? Ans.—Adam's marriage in Eden.

☞ When are stays like snobs? Ans.—When they're a coarse-set.

☞ Why do hens lay eggs in the daytime? Ans.—Because at night they are "roosters."

☞ What sort of leggings would you explore the Nile with? Ans.—Alli-gaiters.

☞ Why should Arabs not be subject to insanity? Ans.—Because they are a nomad (no-mad) race.

☞ What ailment may we look for on an oak? Ans.—A-corn.

☞ METEOROLOGICAL QUERY.—When is the worst weather for rats and mice? Ans.—When it rains cats and dogs.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it."

RIDDLE—The letter E.

Answers to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of June 4th—$108.58, $99.54, $91.88.—H. R. Spink, G. W. S. Hart.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 4th—½.—A. Martin. ½.—H. R. Spink.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 25th—215000, 474320, 1897280—A. Martin. 14520, 72000, 1742400—H. R. Spink.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of July 2d—0.60869.—A. Martin. ½.—H. R. Spink.

Answers to X's PROBLEM of June 18th—Thomas 11 years, and William 9 years old. X, H. R. Spink.

Answer to PROBLEM of July 9th—121.11 plus rods.—Philip Gossman.

Answers to William Grant's PROBLEM of July 16th—It will take 3 cats to kill 100 rats in 100 minutes.—William Grant, W. W. Hitch, Horace G. Stephens.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of July 23d—7 pounds.—Ego Geo, Philip Gossman.

RECEIPTS.

GRAHAM MUSH.—Faith Rochester says: Does anybody want to know how to make Graham mush? There are people who raise the best of wheat, year after year, and live on fine flour always, and have no idea how sweet, as well as healthful, the unbolted, or Graham flour is. Make Graham mush as you do corn-meal hasty-pudding, sifting the meal with your hand slowly into boiling water, stirring briskly meanwhile. A few minutes' boiling seems to cook it sufficiently, though many cook it longer. Sweetened cream is an excellent dressing for it, and then if you add fresh berries!—well, just try it! Many persons like it with unsweetened cream or milk, as they eat hasty-pudding. Wheaten grits are usually bought in paper parcels with directions for cooking. They are the wheat kernels with the outer woody fibre stripped off; and are excellent, especially for persons with inflamed stomachs who cannot bear the bran of Graham.

CLAM FRITTERS.—Chop fine twenty-five clams, mix with them four well-beaten eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a cup of flour, a cup of sour cream, with just soda enough in it to neutralize the acid. Fry brown in butter.

My washerwoman gave me a recipe which she says never fails to bleach muslin. For five pounds of cotton, dissolve six ounces of chloride of lime in a quart of soft hot water; boil the cloth in soap-suds and rinse it. Then strain the lime into sufficient water to immerse the cloth in, being careful not to let any of the lime pass through the strainer. Put in the cloth, let it remain from ten to twenty minutes, and rinse it through two or three waters.